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MAY 1 1905

THE **CRITIC** AND LITERARY WORLD

MAY 1905

Dr. Osler at Home

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY

(Illustrated)

A Dinner with Balzac in a Lunatic Asylum

FROM A DOCTOR'S DIARY

The Schiller Centenary

By M. C. CRAWFORD

(Illustrated)

LITERATURE ART & LIFE

25 Cts
a copy

\$ 2.00
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Vol.
46

Published for
THE CRITIC COMPANY
New Rochelle By G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS New York

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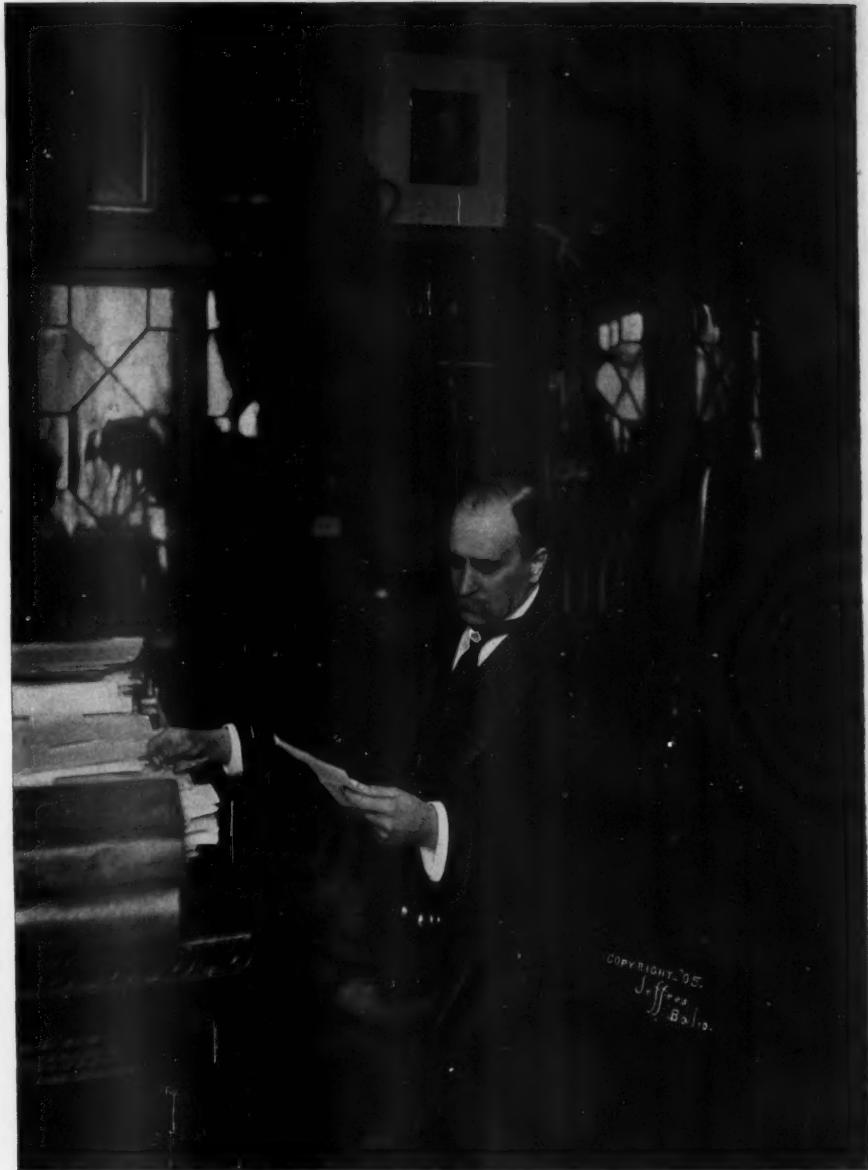


Photo by Jeffires

DR. OSLER IN HIS STUDY AT BALTIMORE

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THE CRITIC

Vol. XLVI

MAY, 1905

No. 5

The Lounger

SPEAKING of the decline in "book booming," you have probably noticed that no books are advertised nowadays as having reached a sale of two hundred or five hundred thousand copies. Nothing is said about the number of copies sold. Publishers are content now to mention the number of "editions" or "impressions," which seems to be the favorite term. Even in the case of "The Masquerader" no definite figures are given, and yet that is one of the best selling books of the year. It seems to me that the present way is much the best; it is certainly the most dignified. Shouting the number of copies sold never seemed quite in keeping with the character of book publishing, which is supposed to be a more aesthetic business than soap-making, for instance. And yet even in soap-making the manufacturers of that indispensable commodity never advertise the number of cakes sold; they advertise the article they have for sale, and expect it to sell on its merits, or on the amount of advertising given to it.



An English publisher who was in this country recently admitted to me, with a sigh of regret, that reviews no longer sell books. It used to be that

a favorable review in the London *Times* made the success of a book; but now nothing makes it but the general reader. Advertising helps it, but it is what one person says to another that settles its fate.



There has been a great deal of talk lately about the prices paid to authors, and in some cases they are very high, in others they are very low. The New York *Times* is reported to have paid a dollar a word for the posthumous unfinished novel by Disraeli, which it published recently. Dr. Conan Doyle is said to have the same high record, and other authors, including Mr. Kipling, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. Richard Harding Davis, Mr. Booth Tarkington, are paid at a price varying from one dollar to twenty-five cents per word. The literary aspirant seeing these prices quoted sharpens his pen and sends out his manuscripts, hoping for similar results, if not at once, in the course of time. But let me tell him that these prices are not what they seem. I heard recently that Mr. Richard Harding Davis was paid twenty-five cents a word for an article written for a New York magazine. This is quite true, but the article was a very short one. Mr. Davis was probably paid a hundred

dollars for it, as he would not have been bothered to write it for less. The magazine wanted his name, and paid a handsome price for it. The editor, however, would not have paid Mr. Davis at the rate of twenty-five cents a word for a long story. Prices of this sort are not an author's regular rate; they are exceptional, and are given only in certain circumstances. Most of these high prices are paid for fiction; fact is not so well paid. The London *Daily Chronicle* published recently a *résumé* of the high prices paid certain writers for fiction, and followed it with another article showing how poorly other writers are paid. It used as an example a writer who "is acknowledged throughout England and America, as well as in a large portion of Continental Europe, as being the first living authority upon a group of interesting and important subjects, and his books, of which he has written more than a dozen, are read by cultured people of two distinct linguistic divisions." They are, continues the *Chronicle*, "praised to the skies by reviewers in every part of the English-speaking world, and the name of their author is favorably known to almost every journalist or man of letters." And now let us see what is his pecuniary reward—one farthing per word! In the whole course of this successful writer's career he has "only once received anything approaching twopence per word, and that was for an article specially commissioned from America by the proprietors of one of the great magazines." This is an astonishing story, but the *Chronicle* is too guarded in its statements to be doubted. There is one consolation that this underpaid man of letters has, which is that his work will be remembered when most of the record-breaking novels are forgotten. High pay and great fame do not always go hand in hand.



The twenty-seventh annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists reaches a higher general average than most of its predecessors. Portraits have come to the fore both in number and character. Of these, the most

striking, a painting of Mrs. Clarence Mackay by John W. Alexander cannot fail to hold the eye of the visitor, for, adept in character drawing and facile in color, the artist has brought about a startlingly direct result. While it is an enigma as to why Mrs. Mackay's hair hangs over her shoulder, and why the crystal rests in her hand and the sceptre at her feet, the combination of her peculiarities seem, thoroughly suited to Mr. Alexander's demands.



Mrs. Mackay's much-talked of novel, "The Stone of Destiny," now in its second edition, was written in a log cabin a mile from her home at Roslyn, Long Island. The memory of Mr. Irving Bacheller leads one to believe that log cabins are popular for writers and bring success. That must be especially true in the present case for Mrs. Mackay's work will be translated into German by Mr. Edmund Reimer, one of the two men who brought out a German version of her play "Gabrielle." Mrs. Mackay's literary future must labor under the handicap of wealth, but surely she has started on the right road.

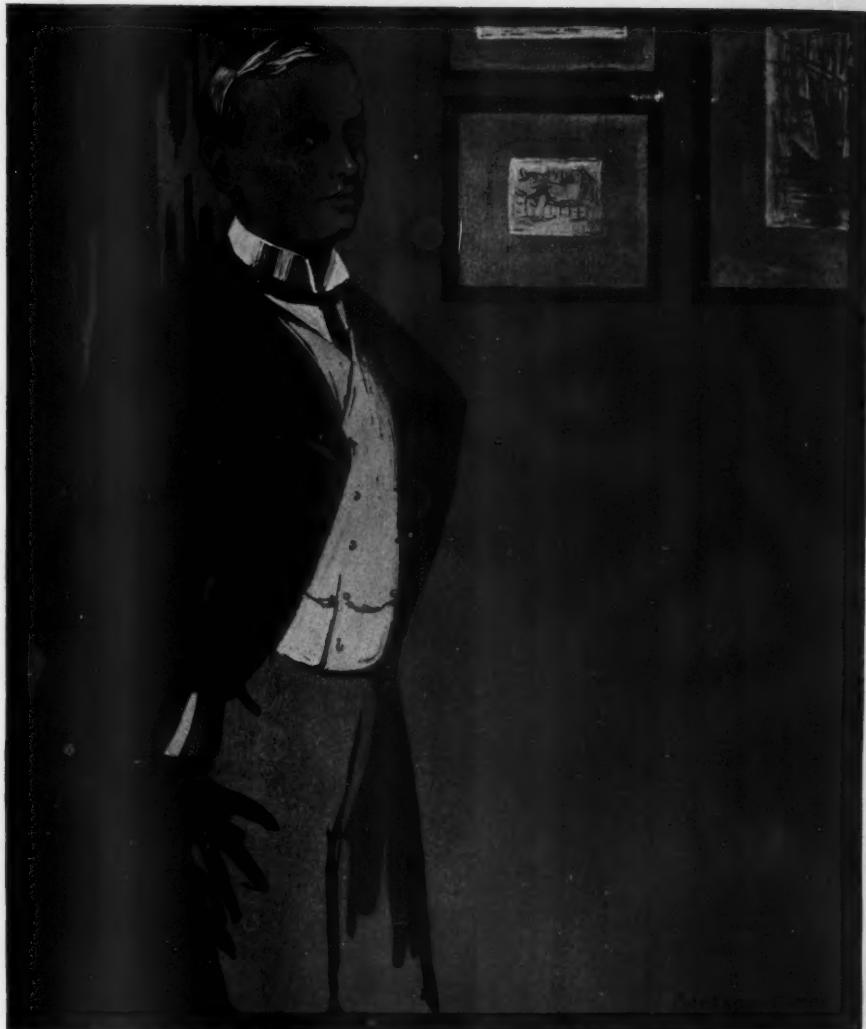


Any one who imagines Mr. W. W. Jacobs a man of sturdy build, with a rolling gait, and a shiver-my-timbers cast of countenance, will be surprised to hear that he has all the hall-marks of a literary man. Mr. Jacobs wrote of the sea because his early work brought him into contact with seafaring men. As a boy he dreamed of a life at sea, but a voyage in a coaster, he says, "knocked the gilt off my dream. I now prefer life ashore." To a writer on the London *Daily Chronicle* he says that, though he prefers life ashore, he has a real affection for a sea-life and sea-folk:

It is a man's life. It teaches self-restraint and discipline and the art of governing men. It is a fine, healthy life that breeds men. All that I mean to say is that distance lends enchantment to the view, and that the essential romance and comedy of the life of those who go down to the sea in ships are intensified in the perspective of years.



MRS. CLARENCE MACKAY
From the portrait by John W. Alexander



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MR. W. W. JACOBS

Unlike Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Jacobs has never been able to sit down to his writing every day for so many hours. Theoretically he thinks it is an excellent plan, but in practice he cannot do it. Mr. Jacobs is very happy over the success of his play, "Beauty and the Barge," which he thinks is as much due to Mr. Parker, the dramatist,

as to himself, and to Mr. Cyril Maude and his company. But, on the whole, he prefers the success of the book to the success of the play. "A play, as a rule, is soon over; while a book may be taken down from a top shelf by its economical owner years after it is forgotten, and given as a present."

Mr. Robert Hichens, author of "The Garden of Allah," is "slightly past his fortieth year, a travelled man of the world, kind-hearted, brilliant, sympathetic, and companionable. He is athletic in build, with dark brown hair and lively brown eyes." After leaving Clifton College he studied music in Bristol and London for some years, but even at that time the struggle had begun between the musician and the writer, which was finally to result in the triumph of the latter. "Flames" was his first book to make him widely known in America. Then came "Felix" and "The Woman with the Fan," but hereafter he will be remembered as the author of "The Garden of Allah," though he is not forgotten as the author of that clever but unpleasant story, "The Green Carnation." It is interesting to know that Mr. Hichens lived in a Trappist monastery in Algeria and there he got the "color" and the impressions that he has used so effectively in "The Garden of Allah."

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Miss Carter Goodloe, whose new book, "At the Foot of the Rockies," has just appeared, is a member of an old Kentucky family, and lives in Louisville. Her father was a distin-



MISS CARTER GOODLOE



MR. ROBERT HICHENS
Author of "The Garden of Allah"

guished lawyer. She was graduated at Wellesley College (and is therefore one of the exceptions to the rule concerning women writers and the higher education), where her literary bent was shown in the college publications. Soon afterwards she went to Paris, where she lived and studied for some time. On returning to this country, she submitted a volume of short stories of college life to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, and they were promptly accepted. A number of these stories were published in *Scribner's Magazine*, with illustrations by Mr. C. D. Gibson, and were almost the first of the stories of college life. The book, which was published about ten years ago, had a decided success and is still popular. For a number of years Miss Goodloe worked at a novel of the French Revolution period, in which a young American attaché of the Legation in Paris is the hero. This is founded on a real inci-

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dent in the life of a young Kentuckian. The book was published a year ago under the title of "Calvert of Strathore." A few years ago Miss Goodloe spent a summer at a post of the Northwest Mounted Police in British Columbia, and the romantic contrasts of life there—the young Englishmen, the Indians, the American adventurers, and the globe-trotters who stopped by the way—all furnished her with material for the stories which appear in "At the Foot of the Rockies." Recently she spent a winter on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and later at the city of Mexico. A number of stories have grown out of this experience.



Mr. Theodore Stanton writes to me as follows from Paris:

In the February number of *THE CRITIC*, where you speak of Mr. H. Wellington Wack's new book on Victor Hugo, you say that "Hugo's letters to Mme. Drouet were given to the world long ago." This must be a mistake. The poet's youthful love letters to his future wife, Mlle. Foucher, were printed in Paris in the original French and in New York in English, by my offices, in 1901. These were probably the letters you had in mind when you wrote the foregoing sentence. I may add, in this connection, some fresh news concerning Hugo letters. While we were getting out his love letters to Mlle. Foucher, her letters to him were found. Some of these will be used, for the first time, in the new and complete edition of Victor Hugo's works just begun by Ollendorff, under the authoritative editorship of the venerable Paul Meurice, the literary executor of the poet. As regards the Drouet-Hugo correspondence, I am able to announce that this too will see the light in the near future. M. Meurice possesses two or three thousand of Mme. Drouet's letters or, rather, notes, some of which I have been permitted to glance over. He is now engaged in selecting the best and arranging them for the printer. Some of Victor Hugo's replies will also be given. The Drouet letters discovered by Mr. Wack are supposed by M. Meurice to have got separated from the others in this way:—When Hugo died, Mme. Chenay, his sister-in-law who was occupying Hauteville House, disposed of a lot of pamphlets, old papers, and other rubbish which had accumulated in the Guernsey residence, and it is probable that a bundle of Mme. Drouet's letters may have been in the heap.



I take pleasure in calling the attention

of lovers of natural history to *The Condor*, which was first established in order to afford to the members of the "Cooper Ornithological Club of California" a medium in which to publish their observations and records, as these were so often crowded out for want of space in the Eastern Ornithological magazines. It is supported entirely from the club fees and subscriptions, and the editors and business manager give their services free, cheerfully devoting a considerable portion of their time toward advancing its interests. The subscription list, outside of the club, is not large enough to enable the editors to carry on the work to the best advantage in the way of more pages to each issue and a greater number of illustrations, which are really valuable ones from nature. In the six years since the magazine was first established it has made a name for itself among ornithologists in general. Eastern people do not realize what a field the Pacific Coast is for investigation, on account of its peculiar range as regards climatic and physical characteristics, or else those interested in bird life would be more anxious to get as much information as possible on the subject. Its editors are among the brightest of the California ornithologists and are men who have great ambition to make this magazine a success in every way. While there is more or less technical matter in each issue the effort is made to publish enough of a more popular nature to interest those bird students whose knowledge of ornithological subjects is limited. In this respect *The Condor* ranks between *The Auk* and *Bird Lore*. The photographic illustrations alone are worth the price of subscription.



An American branch of the Dickens Fellowship which has grown to such large proportions in England has been established in New York. The object is an admirable one and deserves the encouragement it has received. The secretary is Mrs. M. E. Nye, 5 East 84th Street, New York, who may be addressed for all particulars concerning the Fellowship.

I am permitted to publish this extract from a letter written by Charles D. Stewart, author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith," to his publishers:

I was born the 18th of March, my wife the 18th of February. We were married the 18th of August.

Court of St. James is an admirable one and gives special satisfaction to his fellow-craftsmen. I have watched Mr. Reid's career with interest from the days when I was a humble reporter on the *Tribune* and he was Mr. Greeley's "bright young man."



Photo by Hollinger & Co.

HON. WHITELAW REID

The book acceptance was written the 18th of August. It will be published the 18th of February. It was accepted on the sixth anniversary of our marriage and published on my wife's birthday.



The Hon. Whitelaw Reid adds another name to the distinguished list of ambassadors who have been authors and journalists. His appointment as representative of this country at the

On the second of this month a testimonial will be given to Mme. Modjeska at the Metropolitan Opera House. This testimonial was suggested by her fellow-countryman, M. Paderewski, who with his wife, was recently a guest at the Modjeska ranch in Southern California. When the distinguished pianist came to New York he discussed the subject of a testimonial perform-

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ance in honor of Mme. Modjeska with certain of her friends and admirers in this city, and it was agreed to do something in her honor which would make the occasion a memorable one. M. Paderewski will make his last appearance for the season at this testimonial, at which Mme. Modjeska herself will appear in acts from several of her most notable creations. Miss Rehan, Mrs. Campbell, Mr. Skinner, and other distinguished members of the theatrical profession will take part.



It has been twenty years and more since Mme. Modjeska made her first ap-



A FRENCH CARICATURIST'S IDEA OF PADEREWSKI

pearance in New York. It was my good fortune to be present on this memorable occasion. It was at the old Fifth Avenue Theatre, now Proctor's, and I sat in a box with Miss Clara Morris and the late Dion Boucicault. Mme. Modjeska was only a name to her audience. No one in that house had ever seen her

act—in fact she had only appeared a few times in San Francisco. But her New York audience rose to her. I have seldom seen such an ovation as the one that she received. From that time on to the present there is no actress who has stood higher in public estimation than Mme. Modjeska, and if this testimonial is, as there is every reason to believe it will be, the most notable since that given to Lester Wallack, it will be but a fitting expression of the devotion and admiration of the American public for one of the greatest actresses it has ever seen.



Mme. Duse still preserves her silence in the presence of the interviewer. I read that "interviewers knock desperately at her door, but it opens not. When she goes out, a veiled phantom glides into the lift and vanishes swiftly. 'That is all,' says one awe-struck French scribe. 'That is Madame Eleonora Duse, shrinking from the touch of life.' "



Mr. Zangwill was interviewed on his return to England from America and spoke feelingly of his disappointment in this country as a field for drama. He will speak more feelingly after he has read the criticisms of "Jinny the Carrier," in the New York papers. "He had," says the *Daily Chronicle*, "gone out in the spirit of a Columbus who hoped to discover the stage that exists for art's sake; and that is not found," he noted, "in any land that lacks an educated and thinking democracy." Of course, America's democracy is excellent, in parts." The *Chronicle* is kind.



Dr. Emil Reich has recently published a book, that is little more than a pamphlet, on "Imperialism: Its Price and Its Vocation." Dr. Reich regards imperialism as inevitable, but argues that it always exacts its price. He is most interesting—certainly most original—in his arguments when he dis-



Copyright by Schumacher, 1899

MME. MODJESKA AS "MARIE ANTOINETTE"

cusses the influence of imperialism on women, and of women on imperialism. With this point of view he may be said to be the first in the field. American women he considers have paid the greatest penalty:

As American men have been bound to pucker up

their nature, so to speak, into a few hard-worked bundles of nervous energy, otherwise their immense task could never have been done in so short a time; even so American women were compelled instinctively to drop a goodly portion of that feminine tenderness, naïveté, spontaneity, charm, and modesty which were of no use whatever in the one task that their men had set themselves.

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In order to browbeat Nature in her most elementary cravings, the American woman becomes a violent temperance-sister ; an anti-tobacconist ; an anti-theatrist ; an anti-Antisabbatarian ; a Christian Scientist ; a Shakespeare-Baconist, or Bacon-Shakespearian ; she attends innumerable lectures ; she learns or tries to learn every science ; she travels constantly ; she is resolved and determined to be up-to-date in everything.

In the price that England pays for its imperialism Dr. Reich includes the British Sunday :

No legislation can ever do away with it. It is part of that voluntary self-mortification which, as we have seen, is an integral factor in any high-strung Imperialism. Having no monastic orders proper, the British naturally and voluntarily cloister themselves at least one day of the week. The British Sunday ; Total Abstinence ; Mrs. Grundy ;



Photo by Elliott & Fry

DR. EMIL REICH

and several other social features are all part and parcel of that sacrifice of some of the light and beauty of life so indispensable in all Empires.

Irish women, according to Dr. Reich,

have not paid the penalty dealt out to American or English women :

Their beauty and fascination are almost proverbial. They are pre-eminently the *femmes dangereuses*, in that they captivate men both by their physical beauty and by their intellectual vivacity. In their feline grace there is something uncanny ; and their vibrating voices overflow their words, as the sea does the shells on the beach. All these qualities cannot, however, account for the singular attractiveness of Irishwomen. It is their naïveté that constitutes the essence of their charm.

Dr. Reich is always interesting and often profound. He has recently been lecturing in London, and his lectures have been among the most notable functions of the season.



Harper's Weekly in commenting editorially upon Miss Monroe's article on "Women Writers and the Higher Education," in THE CRITIC, thinks that the fact that the best-known women writers are not college graduates is not especially significant. The best-known women writers of the day, argues this writer, "had passed the educational period before going to college ceased to be an eccentricity in women." "We are not quite sure it has yet entirely ceased to be something of an eccentricity," he adds, with the scorn of a man who accepts no intrusion into the field he calls his own. "The best-known women writers," he continues, "are writers of stories. Scholarship does not help very much in story-writing. There must be education, of course, but the knowledge that helps story-writers and the practice that makes them perfect are the fruit largely of thought taken outside of study hours." This writer goes on to prove that many of the best-known men writers were not college graduates; but now that college education is becoming more common

there will be more college men in the present and succeeding generations of American story-writers than in the last, because college education is much more prevalent; but whether more of the future women writers will come out of the colleges is harder to predict. For the time being college edu-

cation for girls is not bewilderingly popular either with parents who have the choice of all methods, or with girls to whom all opportunities are open. No one can yet say that it is going to be the rule among the well-to-do to send their girls to college as it now is to send the boys.



Since Miss Monroe's essay on "Wo-

California to live to recover from a serious illness. Her home is at Independence, Cal., where her husband is a government land-agent. She has made a careful study of the Mission days in writing "*Isidro*," and believes it to be an historically accurate and fair picture of the times.



MRS. MARY AUSTIN
(Author of "*Isidro*")

men Writers and the Higher Education" was published in THE CRITIC, it seems to me that every publisher's announcement I get shows that his authors are college women. Now comes Mrs. Austin, the author of "*The Land of Little Rain*," who, "after finishing a university course," went to

A new book by Jack London, "War of the Classes," is just published. It is well known that Mr. London is a socialist as well as a novelist, and in this book he gives us the why and wherefore of his belief. In an interesting preface he tells us that when he was a youngster he was looked upon



Photo for THE CRITIC

DR. OSLER'S HOUSE IN BALTIMORE

See page 411

as a weird sort of creature because he was a socialist. That was nine or ten years ago. He was called in his native town a "red-shirt," a "dynamiter," and an "anarchist." And he says "really decent fellows, who liked me very well, drew the line at my appearing in public with their sisters." But times have changed, and now he finds people who are not called "red-shirts" or "dynamiters" advancing views very much like his own. It was not he who had changed but the times.

The capitalist, he insists, knows nothing about socialism, but it is time that he did; and in the essays that form this volume he tells the story. If the capitalist reads Mr. London's book he will at least know how one socialist defines his cause. The book is very personal, very egotistical, very entertaining. All socialists will agree with it, and all capitalists will disagree with it. It is Utopian, but as one man's point of view, and that man a very interesting personality, the book is entertaining. The last chapter explains how the writer became a socialist, and how he changed his mind about certain things.

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In the April number of *THE CRITIC* I quoted from an interview with Mr. Thomas Hardy, and reprinted a letter from him in which he said that he did not know that he was being interviewed when he talked to the visitor who published what he said. I wonder if the same is true of Mr. Henry James. Is it possible that when he was talking with his old friend Julian Hawthorne, he knew he was talking for publication? I can hardly imagine from the nature of his conversation that he had any such idea. Mr. James consented to be interviewed for *THE CRITIC*, but if he said anything of a confidential character to Mr. Witter Bynner, who interviewed him, it did not get into print.

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A reader of *THE CRITIC* sends me the following comment on "The Merchant of Venice" by a country schoolboy:

Shylock was a very overbearing old man. He was very cross to his servant, Launcelot, who was

very kind and good to him especially when he had any errands [errands] to do for him. Shylock was a crusty and crabbit around his house.

Portia was a kind and true-hearted young lady; she was very good natured especially to some of her gentlemen friends, when those young men was going to choose those coffins.

Antonia was in need of money and he did not



MR. JACK LONDON
From his latest photograph

know where to get at once; so at last he found out where he might get it, if he should try very hard. Antonia went to Shylock to see if he could get a thousand ducats from him, but Shylock said that you will have a forfeiture before you can get any money. Then Shylock said, if you give whatever I want I will give you a thousand ducats. Shylock said that he wanted a pound of flesh nearest his heart. Shylock wanted to know how much time that he wanted on the note and Antonia said, he would like to have 3 months at least. The time was come near to the time that the note was due and Shylock ask for his bond which was due him.

The story was written by Shakspear who married Hiawatha. He was born in Venice where he and the merchant shot arrows of the same fly when boys. It was here that he learned to season mercy with justice.



MR. J. FORBES ROBERTSON
Copyright, 1905, by Alice Boughton, New York

The Hamlet that Mr. J. Forbes Robertson recently presented at the Knickerbocker Theatre should stand or fall entirely on its merits and not by comparison with the work of any actor of former days. Shakespeare gave Hamlet a carefully wrought-out nature, and placed him in certain circumstances. He made him, not specifically a mediæval Dane, but a man of all time, the detailed expression of whose nature might be governed by the normal influences under which it would declare itself in his day or in ours. At present Hamlet holds his mirror up to Nature as she appears in the year of grace 1905; and in it Hamlet's passions are represented with the Nature of 1905 in the background. Once Nature appeared in "thoughtful poetry" and "the grandeur of gloom," but just now she garbs herself in "colloquial truth to life." Shakespeare would be the last to wag his head at the acceptance of her change. Surely we cannot say that Mr. Robertson is better or worse than his predecessors because he submits to the alteration and gives us the Hamlet of the present and not of fifteen or twenty years ago. Robertson shows Hamlet in to-day's light, restless, alert, and intellectual; a prince created for happiness, who even in his melancholy gives a hint of his dignified and gentle humor. He bespeaks tenderness towards his mother. He brings out his love for Ophelia as differentiated from his disgust for her sex. With the ghost he inspires respect rather than fear. He passes before us more reflective and meditative, than passionate and introspective. His death is most beautiful in its calmness.

Though Robertson acts in a manner singularly tempered for the English school, his eloquence of gesture and speech indicate a trained expression and a penetrating imagination. Naturalness and rhythm combine in the nervous sensitiveness of his delivery, which never drops into the pitfall of sing-song. For his voice conveys all the musical quality of the verse, while rendering with unmistakable clearness the most varying moods and difficult passages. His gestures, as his speech,

reserve a sincere grace even in his most spontaneous moments. Once only on the floor in the Players' scene he works with too little suggestion, in a way that detracts from his habitual dignity as a prince; doubtless through an over-carrying of the desire for clear expression shown in his speech.

Robertson's version of the play has the good and bad points of all other acting versions. Expurgating the wildest scenes only emphasizes his taste in reflecting the spirit of our times where permissible, while such important items as the plot to kill Hamlet in England are regrettably sacrificed to the patience of the modern audience. Of all Shakespeare's productions Hamlet least needs scenery. But that is no excuse for persistently allowing two inches of light to shine under the cliff whither Hamlet follows the ghost. The Fire Commissioner may be obdurate, but none the less an unlighted Grecian lamp has its foolish aspects when placed by the head of the dead Polonius. Such details are of small consequence, and yet more care would do no harm.

Proof of the merit of the interpretation appeared in the full house that favored the last performance in place of the scanty audience that appeared at the opening night.

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Mr. Cleveland Moffett is writing a very striking series of papers for *Success* on "The Shameful Misuse of Wealth." In the April number Mr. Moffett proves with well-considered figures that there are many women in New York who spend thirty thousand dollars a year or more on dress. There are many more who don't spend three thousand or three hundred; but there are entirely too many who spend the figure that Mr. Moffett names. Women with money, and often women without money, think nothing of paying a thousand or two thousand dollars for one garment. And it is just here where the trouble comes in. If only the women who could afford it spent extravagant sums of money on their clothes, it would be one thing; but the

worst feature of this extravagance is the imitation of it, or the strain to imitate it, made by those who can't afford it. The newspapers are constantly talking about the expensive clothes of fashionable women, and reproducing pictures of them. This fires the imagi-

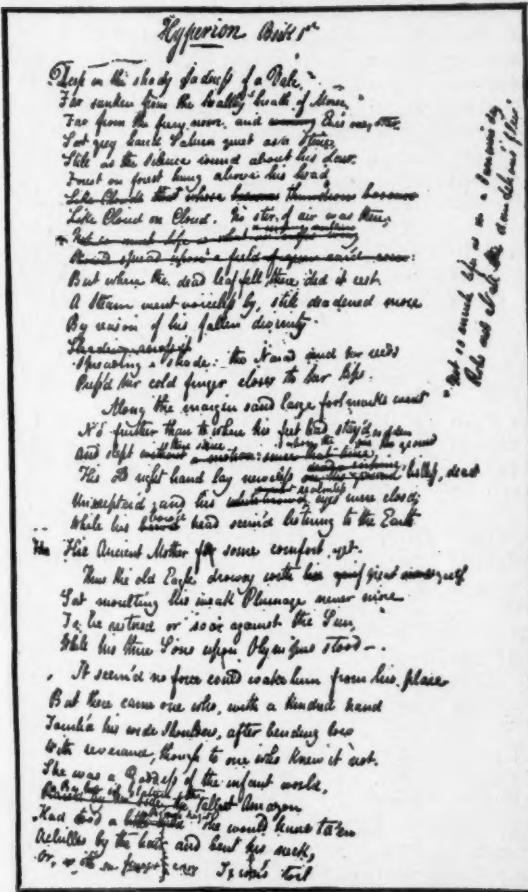
afraid that Flora McFlimsy will go on spending her thousands on furs and laces, and still insist that she has nothing to wear.

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One of the most interesting literary discoveries that has been made in a long time is that of the original manuscript of Keats's "Hyperion." Curiously enough, Miss Bird, the lady in whose possession it was was unaware of the treasure that she owned. The manuscript was given by Keats to Leigh Hunt. After his death, in 1859, Thornton Hunt presented it to Miss Bird, who lives at Hampstead. Among other residents of that charming quarter of London is Dr. Richard Garnett, who for so many years has been known in connection with his work in the British Museum. As soon as Dr. Garnett saw the manuscript he told Miss Bird that it was undoubtedly in Keats's own handwriting, and this opinion was endorsed by other experts. Miss Bird at once gave the trustees of the British Museum the opportunity of purchasing the manuscript, an opportunity which they quickly seized. The Clarendon Press then obtained permission to reproduce the manuscript in facsimile. The paper on which it is written bears the water-mark 1810, which is the same as was used by Keats for "Otho the Great." Lovers of Keats's poetry will be interested in

this reproduction, not only because it is an exact facsimile of his penmanship, but because it is made valuable by the numerous cancelled passages it contains, which, to quote the editor,

give us a glimpse at the poem in an earlier stage than had before been known. To read the manuscript is therefore a great privilege to all who really love the poem. For we are, as it were, admitted to the poet's confidence: we are at his side as he



nation of the woman who loves fine clothes but who can't afford them; and I will venture to say that many a woman, and many a man too, has been ruined by this constant prating about and parading of costly dress. If Mr. Mof-fett's articles will open the eyes of the rich to the folly of their ways he will have done a missionary work for the poor, or comparatively poor; but I am

reviews his rougher work, and share some of his excitement as passages of haunting beauty evolve from a form in which they had failed to express to the full the force of his imaginative conception.



I have had a number of letters in regard to the list of best books published in the April number of *THE CRITIC*. Most of my correspondents agree that the list could not have been improved upon. Others insist that "The Garden of Allah" should have been included in the six best novels. And another enthusiastic correspondent would add "Pam" to the list, and still another says "'Paths of Judgment' by all means!" I admit "The Garden of Allah" and "Paths of Judgment," for it is an unusual book, but I am not so sure about "Pam," clever as it is.



Of the publications, fact or fiction, published since the April CRITIC went to press, in the opinion of the group of readers who made the previous list published in this department, the Six Best Books are:

"The Autobiography of Andrew D. White."

"Adventures among Books," by Andrew Lang.

"Notes from a Diary by Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff."

"The Orchid," by Robert Grant.

"De Profundis," by Oscar Wilde.

"Constance Trescot," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

There has been no epoch making book of fiction published in the last few weeks, but there have been some notable books that are not fiction, the most important of these being Mr. White's Autobiography.



Mr. Jonas Lie made public a new departure in landscape painting in his exhibition recently held at Mrs. Mary Bacon Ford's Thirtieth Street Galleries, by showing how successfully and effectively odd conceits of nature may hold a visitor's attention. Before now canvases have been often filled with the head of a man brought into the foreground with great minuteness, but it

comes with a pleasing shock to find such a trick played with a bit of mother earth. In "Weeds in Snow," and also to a less degree in "The Hillside," Mr. Lie has chosen a scene naturally scanty in detail, fresh snow upon a roadside bank. Then by working almost within touch of his subject he has gained his point by emphasizing each special portion to the very twigs and weeds, and the little windscoops in the snow surface beside them. Yet he has cleverly escaped complicating his total scale, while his delicate sense of light has produced an appearance of extraordinary depth in the modulated values of the gray-blue slope. But Mr. Lie is not a man of one hobby, for he shows a truly poetic feeling in his more conventional paintings such as "The Great Oak." There within a frame of heavy foliage and shade two figures can be seen struggling over a wind-blown pasture, while above them driving clouds suggest the coming thunder-storm.



One would suppose that there were enough editions of the writings of Robert Louis Stevenson on the market, but nevertheless the new one advertised by Messrs. Scribner, who published the others, seems to have a place of its own. It is to be called, as was the recent Harper edition of Thackeray, the Biographical Edition, and each book will be prefaced by Mrs. Stevenson with an intimate account of the circumstances under which it was written, with anecdotes interspersed. Mrs. Stevenson is now in California reading the proofs of these prefaces, all of which I believe are finished. In the case of Thackeray these prefaces formed his only authorized biography. The books are to be of handy size, printed on thin paper so that they will not be bulky, and yet the paper will not be so thin that the type will show through from one page to the other,—a most disagreeable feature in some of the otherwise attractive Dent editions.



Pierre Loti has been writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of revisiting Japan in 1901-1902, and renewing ac-

quaintance with the family of Mme. Chrysanthème, of whom he always speaks as his "mother," "brother," or "sister-in-law." He writes in the highly-sweetened melancholy style usual to him, and laments over Nagasaki's mountains, formerly covered with cedars, bamboos, and pagodas, but now disfigured by manufactories, and the faces of the Japanese factory workers blackened by coal, "which will prove, perhaps, more than alcohol the destructive scourge of our species." M. Loti is unable, after the lapse of fifteen years, to regard the Japanese other than as toys. He says, "But it was written that I should take nothing in this country seriously," and he compares the *mousmés* to cats, tells one he is *en coquetteries* with several of them, and indulges in a great deal of sentimental talk about feminine hearts that help to make the solitude endurable, that are thought of occasionally after, but soon forgotten. Such is his opinion of the women; of the men he says that "these little people, proud and mysterious, hide under their gracious exterior a furious hatred of the white race." In view of recent events, his comments on these "tiny people who wish to attack Russia," "the husbands and brothers of these Dresden toys to throw themselves against the armies of the Tsar!" are ironically amusing. He appreciates the artistic side of Japan, saying, "The lowest class in this country are more artistic and refined than the better *bourgeois* class in ours"; the French sailors found the Japanese wonderfully dexterous dentists, and M. Loti sees that the tools of war will become terrible playthings in the quick and sure hands of the Japanese. He predicts sad things of the march of progress in Japan; already, alcohol is doing its work among a people hitherto sober, from father to son. Taxes are being raised to pay for battleships and cannon, and soon they will be sent by millions to strew with their corpses the plains of Manchuria. "Poor little Japanese peasants!" And when the charm and beauty of Japan have vanished what will remain? "The ugliest people on earth, physically speaking. A

quarrelsome, agitated people, puffed up with pride, envious of others, handling, with the cruelty and cunning of monkeys, the machines and explosives whose secrets we have, with incredible lack of foresight, delivered to them." This was written in 1902, but just published. It is but just to say that he finds things to admire in Japan, and even, occasionally, in the Japanese, but the Western contempt is everywhere perceptible in his view of the Eastern. He accuses the Americans of having brought lung troubles on the Japanese, by obliging them to wear clothes instead of going naked like their forefathers.

Dr. Rolfe's "Life of Shakespeare" has already gone into a second edition in this country, and is republished in London by Duckworth & Co. The *Westminster Gazette*, in a long and laudatory notice of the book, says:

In plan and in execution it is alike admirable. Dr. Rolfe is a judicious commentator and an excellent critic. He shows in his dealing with tradition, as in his sifting of conjectural material remarkable sobriety of judgment. . . . Every stage of the story is built up by sound illustrative comment drawn from valuable sources. . . . His conclusions are remarkably free from wild and fearful conjecture and the *parti pris* of the mere theorist. It is this sanity of judgment that makes his work a notable contribution to Shakespearian literature.

Sir George Newnes is to be congratulated on the improvement he has made in *The Academy*. In form and typography it is modelled on the lines of *The Saturday Review* and *The Spectator*. Editorially it has improved greatly and it now is as dignified in appearance and matter as its sixpenny contemporaries.

Mr. Charles Whibley, who is one of the young men discovered by the late W. E. Henley, is out with a volume of essays called "Literary Portraits," just published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Company. Mr. Whibley was a writer worth discovering, but he has not the incisive touch of his master—Henley. He is more temperate, however, which

is something to be thankful for. It is pleasant in these days, when fiction is being thrust upon one from every side, to sit down to the reading of a book of essays, and the fact that a present-day writer not only finds time to write essays, but that he finds a publisher with courage enough to publish them, is a matter of congratulation.



I should like to see a law passed to prevent people from parodying the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam. For one amusing parody there are a hun-

dred stupid ones. Mr. Herford's "Rubaiyat of a Persian Kitten" is the most amusing because the most clever, while "Omar von Berlin," which has just reached my desk, is the most stupid. Fancy the frame of mind of a person who could so far degrade the Persian's quatrains as to write one like this:

Vot's Moses got to do mit dis here business?
I don't care for dot WASness or dot ISSness—
Of I don't got my Bier now buryt kvick,
You loose my Trade so sure you keep up THIS-
ness!

The American Academy in Rome

By HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

THE American Academy in Rome for the allied arts of painting, sculpture, architecture, and music should soon be endowed with \$1,000,000, and in possession of a permanent home in that city. The Roman Academy has resulted directly from the plan of a number of the artists working for the Chicago World's Fair, to enable the best students of American architecture to develop their powers under the most favorable conditions of Roman environment. As the improvement in work and the enthusiasm of the first men selected made it obvious that the field should be broadened to include sculpture and painting, representatives of the three arts founded, and incorporated under the laws of the State of New York in 1897, an American school in Rome to be conducted on the lines of the French Academy at the Villa Medici. Four years later, John Hay, Secretary of State, authorized the Roman Ambassador to accept the position of a trustee *ex officio* of the Academy, and to secure for it the customary privileges allowed by the Italian Government. During the past winter Congress has granted the national incorporation papers.

For some time the conditions in Rome were unsatisfactory. Lacking an endowment, the friends of the undertaking used their own resources, and

diverted art scholarships, such as the Rhinehart and Lazarus funds, to support the pupils in the limited space of the hired Villa dell' Aurora. But an exhibition held there on January 11, 1904, proved a success, for the work showed tangible evidence of the advanced position of American art, while a visit from the King and Queen gave the event a national character.

The president of the Academy, Mr. Charles F. McKim, at once set about taking advantage of this manifest interest. He was soon generously aided by Mr. Henry Walters, of Baltimore, who gave \$100,000 to start an endowment fund, besides purchasing for \$125,000 the Villa Mirafiore as a home for the Academy, which he will lease to it at a low rental until it may buy at that price. The Villa meets every demand, being large and well situated on the Via Nomentana, a residential street just outside the Porta Pia. This lead was quickly followed by Mr. J. P. Morgan, Mr. Wm. K. Vanderbilt, Harvard University through Mr. Henry Higginson, and Mr. James Stillman, who by giving \$100,000 each have brought the sum up to \$500,000. Another \$100,000 should soon come from another university, and there is good prospect that the desired \$1,000,000 will be reached this spring.

The trustees now wish to add four

musicians to four instead of three beneficiaries in the other classes, giving each of the sixteen four years' residence in Rome. The process of selection, though not definitely settled will be conducted on liberal lines designed to admit unmarried men of an age that will warrant the belief that their powers are mature—a departure from the scheme of the French Academy. Probably at first general requests will be spread asking for work of any kind for a preliminary competition. This will determine the three or four men of greatest artistic feeling, who in turn will enter a final examination consisting of a set programme to be executed in a set time.

The American organization will differ from the Villa Medici in that the pupils are not to be left to their own devices, though no decision has been reached as to the extent of the supervision or as to who shall be in charge. The students will not remain wholly in Rome but will travel in Italy, Sicily, and Greece, while naturally Germany would be necessary for musicians. Of course, routine work would not be required,

though, as the school is planned to benefit the allied arts, the pupils will add to the individual specimens of their productions yearly sent home, a collaborated problem including architecture, sculpture, and painting.

It is to be hoped that the Academy will meet with every encouragement. France, Belgium, Germany, and Spain have already successful schools long established. But Americans are barred from competing for these, and surely our art inducements should not lag behind those of other nations. Nor will the direct and intimate influences of the world's masterpieces affording exceptional advantages to a few chosen scholars be the chief end of the Academy. Rather the scheme should help raise the standard of art education in the United States. For as the competition in France for the Grand Prix de Rome has made the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris the finest art school in the world, so will the national competitions instituted by the American Academy increase the efficiency of the universities and art schools of America.

Every Man His Own Novelist

Or Novel-Writing Taught in Seven Lessons by the Correspondence Method

By HOMER CROY

LESSON I

OTHER people with less than your ability have written novels and awoke and found themselves lecturers. There is no reason why you should not be a great novelist and write articles discouraging beginners.

Novel-writing is a science and not an art. It was formerly thought that literature was an art, but now it is a matter of whether or not you live in Indiana.

Probably the first step in novel-writing is to find whether you have

ability. This is not absolutely necessary, but still it is well to investigate. If you have failed in all the other professions, as hod-carrier, as professional juryman or as chauffeur, you have in you the making of a novelist.

LESSON II

Having discovered yourself it is well to begin at once, as war may break out at any time to which you may be sent, if you have a name, as war correspondent at the usual rates per syllable.

Some successful novelists prefer get-

ting a name first in science, in politics, or in the army, but the recommended and popular way is to write a—*th* book.

LESSON III

First, move into some outbuilding, a corncrib or a deserted boathouse. The reason for this may not at first be apparent to the embryo Barkington, but it is that the literary journals may have pictures of you at work in your "den."

To give the picture an artistic finish, go to the second-hand store and gather up all kinds of castaways, such as wheelbarrows, stew kettles, garden rakes, and riding whips. Besides lending the picture a finish these things give an impression of unique personality to pilgrims who make little journeys to your home.

LESSON IV

If the details of Lesson III have been completely mastered, take up this lesson.

You have now advanced far enough to have a hobby. You should think long and seriously before deciding on this matter, as a unique hobby is the best of advertising.

Pet animals do very well, as you can have them in the picture, while if your hobby is collecting wigs, derricks, or skulls of Bushmen it can only be written about. Of animals some very successful novelists prefer dogs, some, skunks, and some, ducks, but it is best to have something that the servants can take care of when the interviewers are not around.

LESSON V

If the preceding lessons have been conscientiously studied you are now ready to pose as an autograph crank.

To give your autographs around miscellaneous means that you are an amateur. Remember this and be firm. To those that come a-begging for your autograph, send a stereotyped slip saying that your signature will be given only to those that enclose a dollar for

the Home for the Prematurely Bald-headed. This crotchet will make a unique personality for you and get many squibs in the literary magazines.

LESSON VI

The following lesson may necessitate a little conjugal unpleasantries, but you will be amply repaid for the sacrifice. Here is the gist of the scheme, with the arranging of the details left between you and your wife.

Have your wife sue for divorce on the ground of your having paid undue attention to the lady with whom you collaborated on your last novel. This makes a great hit in the daily press, and besides, there is the dignified comment in the magazines.

LESSON VII

It is now time for you to make your *entrée* as critic, and incidentally, as a cynic. The move is simple but delicate. It is this: write an article for the magazines showing the decadence of American literature. But be careful to saturate the article with the idea that you are the one that is going to snatch our literature from the depth of degradation. If this is handled artistically it will be a bonanza.

CONCLUSION

You have now arrived; you are now where you can write articles on "How I Succeeded"; you can now go on the platform and give readings from your own works.

To keep your high position as exponent of the best in American literature, you should visit some foreign country. Let its literati entertain you, and at all receptions do some outlandish thing, such as sliding down the baluster or jerking the chair out from under some ambassador.

While abroad be lavish in praise of the country's literature, but when you get home you can write an article scathing it.

The Englishman Abroad

O ENGLAND, where (with wisdom rare),
Regardless of nostalgic pains,
The weary Western millionaire
Retires with his oil-gotten gains,
And learns how deep a pleasure 't is
To found your Public Libraries!

Why are your sons, who tour the Earth,
In such ill-fitting garb arrayed,
Unconscious origins of mirth
To those whose countries they invade?

Why are they types of all that one
Encounters when without a gun?

Small wonder that the natives gaze,
With hostile eyes, at foreign freaks,
Who patronize their Passion-plays
In lemon-colored chessboard breeks;
An opera-glass about each neck,
And, on each head, a cap of check!

Abroad, your tactless tourists spend,
In divers unalluring ways,
The brief occasional week-end,
Or annual Easter holidays,
In learning the appropriate charge
Of being lunatics-at-large!

Abroad, you lose your self-respect;
Grow whiskers; let your teeth pro-trude;
Consider any clothes correct,
And no display of temper rude;

Descending, when you cross the foam,
To depths you dared not plumb at home!

Abroad, your needy younger sons,
When void the parent's treasure-chest,
Take refuge from insistent duns,
At urgent relatives' request,
To live upon their slender wits,
Or sums some maiden aunt remits.

Yet is not yours the primal clan
From which all lesser lights descend?
Is Crockett not your countryman?
And call you not Corelli friend?
Your brotherhood has bred the brain
Whose offspring bear the brand of Caine!

And though you now may never hear
Miss Procter, who mislaid a chord,
Nor Tennyson, the poet peer,
Who came into the garden, Mord;
Though Burns be dead, and Keats unread,
You have a prophet still in Stead.

And yet you rush, with nose in air,
And highly condescending tone,
To foreign lands, whose climes compare
So favorably with your own;
Whose Comic Press combines to laud
The Englishman who goes abroad!

CAPTAIN HARRY GRAHAM
(“Col. D. Streamer”)



Mr. Lang's "Adventures Among Books"

A BOOK that will never rank among the "six best-selling books"—it is far too good for that—is Andrew Lang's "Adventures among Books."* The book is made up of essays that have appeared in English and American magazines at various times. This Mr. Lang tells us in a little preface, though he seems to be more or less in doubt as to which periodicals the essays were actually published in. He says "to the best of the author's memory," and "possibly," as though he really could not be bothered to keep a record of anything so unimportant as his own work. But one forgives Mr. Lang his little affectations for the sake of his delightful humor, his literary touch, and his real bookishness. The habit of reading is one that he has possessed from the cradle. "Cradle" may be a slight exaggeration, but he tells us that at the age of four he taught himself to read, and that his first adventure among books was the reading of the elegy of Cock Robin. "Robinson Crusoe" followed, and then came chap-books about Robert Bruce, William Wallace, and Rob Roy. At that time these little tracts could be bought for a penny apiece. To-day they are worth their weight in gold.

The first novel that Mr. Lang read was "Jane Eyre," which he thinks was "a creepy one for a boy of nine." It was after "Jane Eyre" that he met "Pickwick":

From that hour it was all over, for five or six years, with anything like industry and lesson-books. I read "Pickwick" in convulsions of mirth. I dropped Pinnock's "Rome" for good. I neglected everything printed in Latin, in fact, everything that one was understood to prepare for one's classes in the school whither I was now sent, in Edinburgh. For there, living a rather lonely small boy in the house of an aged relation, I found the Waverley Novels. The rest is transport.

And then he found the greatest of all—Thackeray. He began with "Vanity Fair," and read on and on. "But, of all Thackeray's books, I suppose

* "Adventures among Books." By Andrew Lang. Longmans, £1.50.

'Pendennis' was the favorite." Here is where I shake hands with Mr. Lang. "Pendennis" is my favorite too; then "Vanity Fair." I suppose that I have read "Pendennis" through from first page to last not less than ten times, and dipped into it oftener!

The story of Pen [writes Mr. Lang] made one wish to run away to literature, to the Temple, to streets where Brown, the famous reviewer, might be seen walking with his wife and umbrella. The writing of poems "up to" pictures, the beer with Warrington in the mornings, the suppers in the back-kitchen, these were the alluring things, not society, and Lady Rockminster, and Lord Steyne. Well, one has run away to literature since, but where is the matutinal beer? Where is the back-kitchen? Where are Warrington, and Foker, and F. B.? I have never met them in this living world, though Brown, the celebrated reviewer, is familiar to me, and also Mr. Sydney Scorer, of the Oxford and Cambridge Club. Perhaps back-kitchens exist, perhaps there are cakes and ale in the life literary, and F. B. may take his walks by the Round Pond. But one never encounters these rarities, and Bungay and Bacon are no longer the innocent and ignorant rivals whom Thackeray drew. They do not give those wonderful parties; Miss Bunnion has become quite conventional; Percy Popjoy has abandoned letters; Mr. Wenham does not toady; Mr. Wagg does not joke any more. The literary life is very like any other, in London, or is it that we do not see it aright, not having the eyes of genius? Well, a life on the ocean wave, too, may not be so desirable as it seems in Marryat's novels: so many a lad whom he tempted into the navy has discovered. The best part of the existence of a man of letters is his looking forward to it through the spectacles of Titmarsh.

To the boy Lang, Tennyson was only a name, but he was soon to be something more, for the poet came to a house in the Highlands where the Langs chanced to be. "Is he a poet like Sir Walter Scott?" the boy remembers asking, and was told, "No, he was not like Sir Walter Scott." Hearing no more of him little Andrew

was prowling among the books in an ancient house, a rambling old place with a ghost-room, where I found Tupper, and could get on with "Proverbial Philosophy." Next I tried Tennyson, and instantly a new light of poetry dawned, a new music was

audible, a new god came into my medley of a Pantheon, a god never to be dethroned. "Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is," Shelley says. I am convinced that we scarcely know how great a poet Lord Tennyson is; use has made him too familiar. The same hand has "raised the Table Round again" that has written the sacred book of friendship, that has lulled us with the magic of the "Lotus Eaters," and the melody of "Tithonus." He has made us move, like his own Prince—

"among a world of ghosts,
And feel ourselves the shadows of a dream."

He has enriched our world with conquests of romance; he has recut and reset a thousand ancient gems of Greece and Rome; he has roused our patriotism; he has stirred our pity; there is hardly a human passion but he has purged it and ennobled it, including "this of love." Truly the Laureate remains the most various, the sweetest, the most exquisite, the most learned, the most Virgilian of all English poets, and we may pity the lovers of poetry who died before Tennyson came.

While at Oxford Mr. Lang remembers picking up, in the Union Reading-room,

a pretty white quarto, "Atalanta in Calydon," by A. C. Swinburne. Only once had I seen Mr. Swinburne's name before, signing a brief tale in *Once a Week*. "Atalanta" was a revelation; there was a new and original poet here, a Balliol man too. In my own mind "Atalanta" remains the best, the most beautiful, the most musical of Mr. Swinburne's many poems. He instantly became the easily parodied model of undergraduate versifiers. Swinburnian prize poems, even, were attempted, without success. As yet we had not seen Mr. Matthew Arnold's verses. I fell in love with them, one long vacation, and never fell out of love. He is not, and cannot be, the poet of the wide world, but his charm is all the more powerful over those whom he attracts and subdues.

A chapter in this book is devoted to Robert Louis Stevenson, whom Mr. Lang knew well. They were, as are most Scotchmen, related to each other in some way or other. A lady of Mr. Lang's family remembers carrying Stevenson about when he was "a rather peevish baby." But Mr. Lang never heard of his existence till, in 1873, he, like Stevenson, was at Mentone in the interests of his health. There they met:

He looked, as in my eyes he always did look, more like a lass than a lad, with a rather long, smooth, oval face, brown hair worn at greater length than is common, large lucid eyes, but whether blue or brown I cannot remember,—if brown, certainly light brown. On appealing to the authority of a lady, I learn that brown was the hue. His color was a trifle hectic, as is not unusual at Mentone, but he seemed, under his big blue cloak, to be of slender, yet agile frame. He was like nobody else whom I ever met. There was a sort of uncommon celerity in changing expression, in thought and speech. His cloak and Tyrolean hat (he would admit the innocent impeachment) were decidedly dear to him. On the frontier of Italy, why should he not do as the Italians do? It would have been well for me if I could have imitated the wearing of the cloak!

At first Mr. Lang was not attracted to Stevenson, but after reading his essay, "Ordered South," he says, "I saw at once that here was a new writer, a writer indeed; one who could do what none of us, *nous autres*, could rival, or approach. I was instantly 'sealed of the Tribe of Louis,' an admirer, a devotee, a fanatic, if you please. At least my taste has never altered."

Of Stevenson's personality, Mr. Lang says:

Mr. Stevenson possessed, more than any man I ever met, the power of making other men fall in love with him. I mean that he excited a passionate admiration and affection, so much so that I verily believe some men were jealous of other men's place in his liking. I once met a stranger who, having become acquainted with him, spoke of him with a touching fondness and pride, his fancy reposing, as it seemed, in a fond contemplation of so much genius and charm. What was so taking in him? and how is one to analyze that dazzling surface of pleasure, that changeful shining humor, wit, wisdom, recklessness; beneath which beat the most kind and tolerant of hearts?

Another chapter is devoted to our own Oliver Wendell Holmes, whom Mr. Lang met at the time of his last visit to England. It was at a dinner given by Mr. Lowell. Dr. Holmes struck him as being

wonderfully erect, active, and vivacious for his great age. He spoke (perhaps I should not chronicle this impression)—he spoke much, and freely, but rather as if he were wound up to speak, so to say—wound

up, I mean, by a sense of duty to himself and kindness to strangers, who were naturally curious about so well-known a man. In his aspect there was a certain dryness, and, altogether, his vivacity, his ceaselessness, and a kind of equability of tone in his voice, reminded me of what Homer says concerning the old men around Priam, above the gate of Troy, how they "chirped like cicadas on a summer day."

It was a long and weary task that Dr. Holmes had before him,—"to talk his way, ever courteous, alert, attentive, through part of a London season. Yet, when it was all over, he seems to have enjoyed it, being a man who took pleasure in most sorts of experiences." He did not, however, affect Mr.

Lang with such a sense of pleasure as Mr. Lowell did—"Mr. Lowell, whom I knew so much better, and who was so big, strong, humorous, kind, learned, friendly, and delightfully natural."

When young men, "especially in America," write to Mr. Lang and ask him to recommend a "course of reading," he writes back: "Distrust a course of reading! People who really care for books *read all of them*. There is no other course. Let this be a reply. No other answer shall they get from me, the inquiring young men."

Mr. Lang is right—courses of reading are as tiresome as they are foolish.

J. L. G.



"Osler"

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY

FIFTEEN years ago the students of Johns Hopkins Medical School listened to the lecture of a new professor. Gossip had it that he was a Canadian, had studied and taught at McGill, had drifted southward to the University of Pennsylvania, thence to Baltimore. They knew also that he had an M.D. from Edinburgh, and was a graduate at Berlin and Vienna. Eying him as he stepped upon the rostrum and began his address, they saw a man of slight

figure whose jet-black hair and eyes intensified the paleness of his features, while the long, drooping moustache brought to mind the old engravings of the Druids. Year after year Dr. William Osler went through the daily routine of the educator and of his private practice. Then Oxford called him to its chair of medicine, and he said farewell. Some of his valedictory utterances were these:

I am going to be very bold and touch on another

question of some delicacy, but of infinite importance in university life, one that has not been settled in this country. I refer to a fixed period for the teacher, either of time, of service, or of age. Except in some proprietary schools, I do not know of any institutions in which there is a time limit of, say, twenty years' service, as in some of the London hospitals, or in which a man is engaged for a term of years. Usually the appointment is *aut vitam aut culpam*, as the old phrase reads. It is a very serious matter in our young universities to have all the professors growing old at the same time. In some places only an epidemic, a time limit, or an age limit, can save the situation.

I have two fixed ideas well known to my friends, harmless obsessions with which I sometimes bore them, but which have a direct bearing on this important problem. The first is the comparative uselessness of men above forty years of age. This may seem shocking, and yet read aright the world's history bears out the statement. Take the sum of human achievement in action, in science, in art, in literature—subtract the work of the men above forty, and, while we should miss great treasures, even priceless treasures, we would practically be where we are to-day. It is difficult to name a great and far-reaching conquest of the mind which has not been given to the world by a man on whose back the sun was still shining. The effective, moving, vitalizing work of the world is done between the ages of twenty-five and forty years—these fifteen golden years of plenty, the anabolic or constructive period, in which there is always a balance in the mental bank and the credit is still good.

In the science and art of medicine there has not been an advance of the first rank which has not been initiated by young or comparatively young men. Vesalius, Harvey, Hunter, Bichat, Laennec, Virchow, Lister, Koch—the green years were yet on their heads when their epoch-making studies were made. To modify an old saying, a man is sane morally at thirty, rich mentally at forty, wise spiritually at fifty—or never. The young men should be encouraged and afforded every possible chance to show what is in them. If there is one thing more than another upon which the professors of the university are to be congratulated, it is this very sympathy and fellowship with their junior associates, upon whom really in many departments, in mine certainly, has fallen the brunt of the work. And herein lies the chief value of the teacher who has passed his climacteric, and is no longer a productive factor; he can play the man midwife, as Socrates did to Thesetetus, and determine whether the thoughts which the young men are bringing to the light are false idols or true and noble births.

My second fixed idea is the uselessness of men

above sixty years of age, and the incalculable benefit it would be in commercial, political, and in professional life if, as a matter of course, men stopped work at this age. Donne tells us in his "Biathanatos" that, by the laws of certain wise states, sexagenarii were precipitated from a bridge, and in Rome men of that age were not admitted to the suffrage, and were called *depontani*, because the way to the senate was *per pontem*, and they from age were not permitted to come hither. In that charming novel, the "Fixed Period," Anthony Trollope discusses the practical advantages in modern life of a return to this ancient usage, and the plot hinges on the admirable scheme of a college into which at sixty men retired for a year of contemplation, before a peaceful departure by chloroform. That incalculable benefits might follow such a scheme is apparent to any one who, like myself, is nearing the limit, and who has made a careful study of the calamities which may befall men during the seventh and eighth decades!

Still more when he contemplates the many evils which they perpetuate unconsciously and with impunity! As it can be maintained that all the great advances have come from men under forty, so the history of the world shows that a very large proportion of the evils may be traced to the sexagenarians—nearly all the great mistakes politically and socially, all of the worst poems, most of the bad pictures, a majority of the bad novels, and not a few of the bad sermons and speeches. It is not to be denied that occasionally there is a sexagenarian whose mind, as Cicero remarks, stands out of reach of the body's decay. Such a one has learned the secret of Hermippus, that ancient Roman, who, feeling that the silver cord was loosening, cut himself clear from all companions of his own age, and betook himself to the company of young men, mingling with their games and studies, and so lived to the age of one hundred and fifty-three, *puerorum halitus refocillatus et educatus*. And there is truth in the story, since it is only those who live with the young who maintain a fresh outlook on the new problems of the world.

The teacher's life should have three periods—study until twenty-five, investigation until forty, profession until sixty, at which age I would have him retired on a double allowance. Whether Anthony Trollope's suggestion of a college and chloroform should be carried out or not, I have become a little dubious, as my own time is getting so short.

Heard by his associates, the sayings were read by the world, and it gasped with indignant amazement. What manner of man was this, who would turn customs topsy-turvy, who thus

dared to defy tradition? But the storm of censure, to quote a friend's words, "never phased him." To an inquiry if such were his views in truth, he replied:

"Nothing in the criticisms has shaken my conviction that the telling work of the world has been done and is done by men under forty years of age.

"It would be for the general good if men at sixty were relieved from active work. We should miss the energies of some young-old men, but, on the whole, it would be of the greatest service to the sexagenarii themselves."

The name of the man who thus gained the notoriety of a lifetime overnight, is intimate to the fraternity of healers and to the people of Baltimore. They do not call him Doctor Osler, Professor Osler, but—

Osler.

For he stands in a class by himself. Student and practitioner have put him on such a height that mere titles do not express their estimation. He is not simply the physician, the teacher. He is both. He is a literateur as well. He might have been a poet. He could have been a novelist had he devoted himself to fiction.

A year or so ago, several physicians gathered in consultation. The case was a complication of ills and the patient had reached a stage when, as the saying goes, life hung by a thread. All agreed heroic measures must be taken, but the question arose what was best—and here they differed. The discussion ran into hours until one of the younger men ended it this wise: "Let's leave it to Osler." He came, examined the woman, and, without asking a question of the doctors who had attended her, recommended a certain operation. It was performed and she recovered, although the majority of counsellors, until he came, believed it would prove fatal.

This is why he is called Osler, why the young men who have listened to his lectures and followed his every movement at the clinic regard him as almost more than man—because of his marvellous knowledge of the human body. He may use the knife

or saw, he may compile a prescription, but it is what he directs others to do—what he knows ought to be done—in short, his power of correct diagnosis. He might be called a living X-ray machine with additional eyes in finger-tips so familiar with the anatomy that they detect the growth or displacement so small that it would escape ordinary notice. The appearance of the body in health is so familiar that his eye catches the faintest tinge which may betoken disease. Perhaps no one in the United States is so well informed on symptoms. Thus it is that he has been summoned in so many instances where death was knocking at the door, that he might be called the Forlorn Hope, the last resort of the afflicted.

Conceive of lectures delivered before nurse and student in the ether-laden air of the hospital, in which the origin and treatment of a fever or the life story of a bacillus is mingled with passages from poets all the way from Milton to Arnold, quotations from Marcus Aurelius and Sir Thomas Browne—even the Bible itself. Such was the instruction given during those "fifteen golden years" at Johns Hopkins. Intended merely for his hearers, the addresses have recently been put in type under one of his favorite Latin titles, "*Æquanimitas*." They display the author's intellectual diversity more than any of his other publications. Reading them through, one gets a faint idea of the breadth and depth of his mind, the wide range of prose and poetry with which he is conversant, and even the layman partially appreciates his great knowledge of the subject they are intended to discuss. One of the addresses discloses a secret of his success. In a passage from Kipling's "Jungle Book" he selects the master word. It is "work."

"I was too busy before I was forty to think of writing." Here is a typical sentence. He does not look upon literary effort as work in the sense of actual labor, but if it is a pleasure, he has had an abundance of it since he took up the pen. In ten years he has given the world the results of his life study—books that the average physi-

The Critic

cian would call the scriptures of medicine. Five years ago was published the one by which he is best known, "The Principles and Practice of Medicine," whose pages reveal his vast search and research into life and the remarkable extent of exclusive data obtained only to be bequeathed for the good of humankind. This book alone explains why he was too busy to think of writing, but he is still creating literature and doubtless from within the venerable walls of Oxford will from time to time come volumes which will surprise even the healers of humanity. Yet you would call his study the home of a worker. The first glance takes in the piles of manuscript fresh from the typewriter, the partly revised proofs scattered on the desk, the correspondence which needs personal attention. And imagine a "doctor's office" odoreless of drugs, without some gruesome picture of a surgical operation on the wall, or without at least a scalpel or a phial somewhere about. Save the portraits—if you know them—and the book titles, there is not an indication to reveal the vocation by which the man is chiefly known.

Yes, the term "office" is a misnomer. It is a study, filled with things that reflect the Osler characteristics. No need to question if he is a reader, a writer, a lover of the aesthetic. Perhaps the instinctive sense of art has led him to prefer the sombre coloring which darkens the apartment on the brightest day. The Doctor's pale features reveal themselves more strongly by the contrast than if the room were flooded with light. There is a resemblance to some of the old-time, Rembrandt-like medical portraits which adorn the walls with their black groundwork, in keeping with the ebony tint of the furniture. As he sits facing the big open grate, above its mantel his eyes rest on three artistic likenesses of Linacre, Sydenham, Harvey. He has grouped them in one frame mottoed in this wise: "Literæ, Scientia, Praxis." But in the multitude of interesting things in this interesting place one may escape notice. It reveals a bit of genealogy well worth remembering.

The document, yellowed or rather rusted by time, casually viewed, resembles one of the diplomas of former days, but study out the faded, cramped lettering and it tells you that back in the reign of George Third—nearly a hundred years ago—one Edward Osler, of the town of Falmouth, County of Cornwall, placed himself out as an apprentice "for the sum of forty pounds, good and lawful money, to acquire the art of complete surgery and physicks." Note that the word "complete" in the ancient document is emphasized by being placed in capitals. Who knows but what the descendant of the ambitious Cornish lad took this with his "master-word" for his motto? The little square of parchment with its seals and signatures is perhaps as much of an inspiration as the gallery of famed physicians and surgeons in contrast with which it seems so insignificant.

Books, books everywhere. The walls half-way to the ceiling are lined with cases. The study table is fortified on three sides with piles of volumes and pamphlets. Within reach are rows presumably of his favorite works. What are they? Well, here is one: A little old Bible with covers badly frayed and giving evidence of frequent use; next to it a gem of an edition of "Tristram Shandy" in green and gold. Well-thumbed copies of Keats's and Henley's poems clasp between them an ancient work on pathology covered in raw leather so commonly used by the bookbinders a half-century back. At the end of the row is a copy of Epictetus. Directly in front of the Doctor, occupying a place of honor on the mantel, is—a portrait of Weir Mitchell, who recently called himself "75 years young." Not content with one likeness, his friend who has dared to handle the venerable side of life so roughly, has two pictures of the Quaker author-physician.

"Whether Anthony Trollope's suggestion of a college and chloroform should be carried out or not, I have become a little dubious since my own time is getting so short." Characteristic of the vein of humor which the seriousness of his life has been unable

to bury, this reveals another trait—absolute indifference to self, for to him the word egotism is useless. In the witticisms which have often convulsed his hearers even at the clinic and let the rays of cheerfulness brighten the sick room, he spares neither himself nor his friends. Several years ago one of his associates, a club man and *bon vivant*, came to him for advice. The Doctor prescribed treatment which directed him to stop drinking all alcoholic liquors. The patient went to a hotel at a fashionable seaside resort noted for the quality of its beverages. One morning Dr. Osler opened this letter:

DEAR DOCTOR: Have been here a week. Have not taken a drop of your medicine, but have had a julep every morning, and feel like a new man.

The same day the "patient" received a telegram which read: "Congratulate you on your cure. Give my compliments to your resident physician."

Shortly after the cable brought news of the honor conferred by the British institution a friend met him on the street. "I see you have been appointed Regius professor at Oxford. Great honor, indeed." "Yes," was the languid reply; "I suppose the boys will call me 'Reggie' when I get there."

The Memorial Window to John Harvard

By MARY CADWALADER JONES

ACROSS the Thames, on the Surrey side, far away from the fashionable London of to-day, lies the old borough of Southwark, which held much that was characteristic of London in the past. Here was the Tabard Inn, where Chaucer's pilgrims started on their never-ending journey; here also was the Globe Theatre, on the site of which there is now a brewery huge enough to have satisfied Falstaff. London Bridge, which leads directly to the Borough, was first built in Saxon times, but even earlier there was a ferry at the same place. That Hare who has most friends of all, the invaluable Augustus, says there is a curious tract called "The Life and Death of old John Overs, the rich ferryman of London, showing how he lost his Life by his Covetousness." He feigned death one day, thinking that his household must needs fast in consequence, but they heartlessly and wastefully feasted instead, so he rose up in wrath, only to be ignorantly (or conveniently) taken for a ghost, and promptly killed by one of his apprentices. His daughter came fairly by a saving turn of mind, and when she died, let us hope less dramatically, she left money to found the priory of Saint Mary over the Rie, or river, a name

softened in popular speech in course of time to St. Mary Overy. Like other old foundations, this had a complicated ecclesiastical history, at one point of which the adjoining collegiate church of Saint Saviour's was incorporated with it, so that it is now known chiefly by that name, and to all lovers of architecture as one of the most beautiful examples of the Early English style. It is easy enough to find if one takes the right road to it, but if not, one may twirl a long time in a maze of crooked streets, while the delicate spire points out of the middle of them in elegant mockery. Its immediate neighbors now are a railway freight station and a vegetable market, and the ground on which it stands is sunk below the level of the present street, as at the Temple Church. But once inside the quiet yard all sordid associations disappear, and in the church itself there is much that is interesting. Gower, who shares or disputes with Chaucer the honor of being the father of English poetry, has a charming old tomb, and in the choir are three simple slabs, one of which covers the body of Philip Massinger, the playwright, and another that of "Edmond Shakspear, player," as to whom the church register says that he



SAINT SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, LONDON

was "buried in ye church, with a forenoone knell of the great bell," for twenty shillings. He was the younger brother of him who needs no Christian name for all time. The register also records that the third slab is that of "Mr. John Fletcher, a poet." In the plague year of 1625 he was invited by a friend into the country, "but staid to make himself a suit of cloaths, and while it was making fell sick of the plague and died." His burial probably followed promptly, which may be the reason why he does not lie snugly in the Abbey, with his famous fellow-worker, Beaumont.

But the church is chiefly interesting to Americans in general because John Harvard was christened in it, and worshipped there when he was in London until he left England forever. His mother, like many women of that time,

married early and often, and Robert Harvard, her first husband, was a thriving butcher, who is entered on the register as having paid his rates and tithes and filled all the duties of a good parishioner.

As everyone knows, Mr. Choate is a faithful son of Harvard University, and after he went to England as our Ambassador he made several visits to the old church. In one of them he was told that a few years ago, during the restoration of the building, some Americans had intended to give one of the windows of the nave in memory of John Harvard, but the plan had fallen through, and the window was filled.

As time went on, Mr. Choate became more and more convinced that the first American university owed it to herself to be represented in Saint Saviour's by



JOHN HARVARD
By Daniel C. French
At Cambridge, Mass.



Photo by Hollinger

MR. JOHN LA FARGE

a suitable memorial. He decided to undertake the task single-handed, and in talking the matter over with Mr. Charles F. McKim, he expressed his conviction, with which Mr. McKim heartily agreed, that the only man worthy to make such a memorial was the artist to whom the university had given the highest honor in her power to bestow—John La Farge. The result

is the window illustrated here, which Mr. Choate will unveil this month, before his return. It was necessary to renew the stone tracery of the window frame, which was done by the architects connected with the restoration of the church, after suggestions and designs given by Mr. McKim. Mr. La Farge gave all his time, a number of designs and trials, and the undivided attention

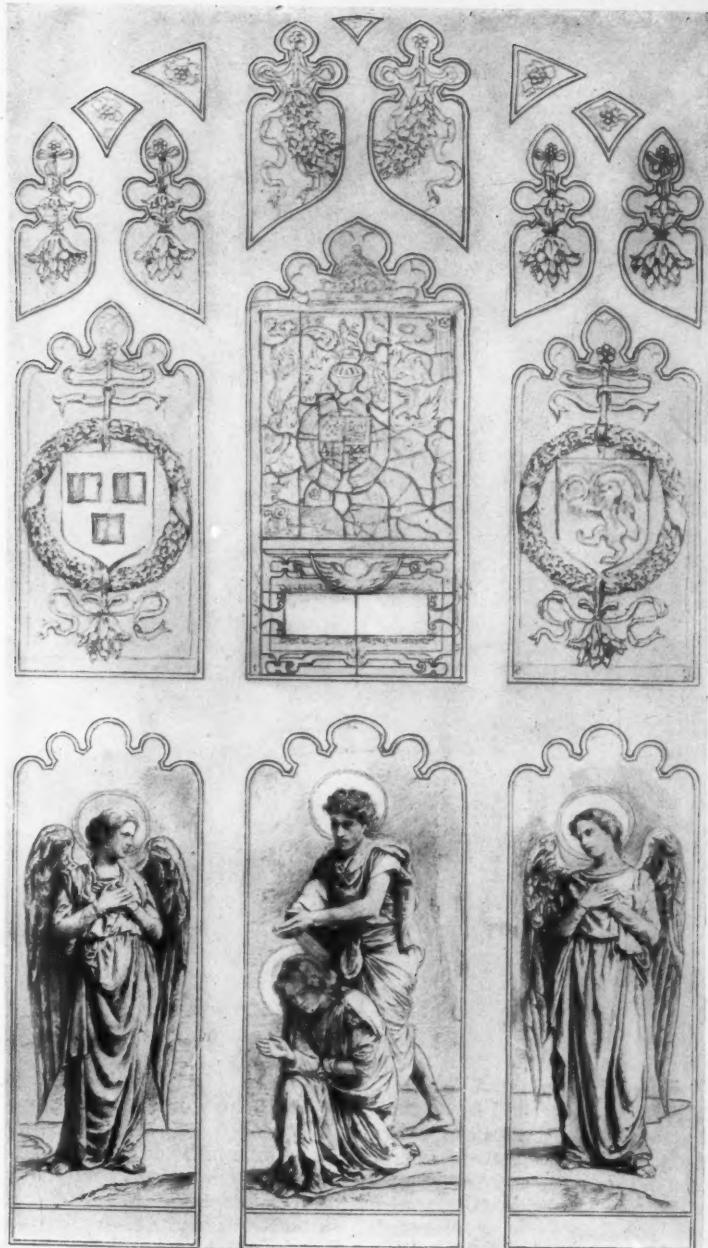


Photo by Hollinger

HON. JOSEPH H. CHOATE

of his most skilful workmen. He is also sending his best foreman to England in order that the window shall be as carefully set up as it could be under his own eye. Mr. Choate bears the entire cost of material, execution, and transportation, and certainly deserves all honor for his filial devotion as a son of Harvard. The question of a place for the memorial was an important one, as the large windows in the body of the church were already filled, but finally the chapel of Saint John the Divine, on the east

side of the north transept, was chosen. This part of the building is very old, some of the work being Saxon, but the chapel as it now stands is not earlier than the middle or end of the sixteenth century. For many years it has been used as a vestry, but if the judicious restorations of the church are continued the authorities who have them in charge hope, by removing the masonry which now blocks up some arches, to leave the chapel open to the transept, as in the original plan. The stonework



MEMORIAL WINDOW TO JOHN HARVARD

By John La Farge

Given by the Hon. Joseph H. Choate
to Saint Savior's Church, London

of the east wall, in which the window is set, was built at a time when glass was no longer of the first importance, and therefore it is more broken up by architectural tracery than it would have been two or three centuries earlier. This of course fettered Mr. La Farge's design to some extent, so far as the upper part of the window is concerned.

In the first studies which he sent over, figures symbolizing learning and the scholastic life were introduced, but the ecclesiastical officials inclined strongly toward some distinctively religious subject, and as the fact that, on the 29th of November, 1607, John Harvard was christened in the church is the only recorded instance of his connection with it, the subject of the baptism of our Lord by John the Baptist was finally settled upon.

Any one who attempts to give an idea in words of the work of a great colorist must have it borne in on him that the writer who first saddled us with the term "word painting" was either an idiot or a bitter humorist. Words have their set bounds, defined for the just and unjust alike, but color, line, and harmony are only limited in their appeal by the mental limitations of him who looks or listens.

To begin with, the window is in three divisions throughout. The spaces of the tracery in the uppermost part are filled with wreaths and garlands of flowers and fruit, in curves which follow the tracery and suggest the Italian Renaissance. Below these little garlands, in the centre of the upper panel, is a remnant of the glass with which the window was formerly filled, representing the royal arms of England. This is the average English glass of the late sixteenth or early seventeenth century, with a good deal of deep yellow in it, a tone which Mr. La Farge has contrived to reflect and continue in his own work, without impairing its fuller and truer coloring. On either side of this shield are coats of arms: one, bearing a blue lion on a silver shield, is that of

Emanuel College, Cambridge, of which John Harvard was a graduate; on the other, the familiar silver books of Harvard University shine on their crimson ground. This "Harvard crimson" is one of the persistent color sequences of the window. It gleams in the ribbons of the garlands, deepens in the coats of arms, and glows with full splendor in the draperies of the principal figures. The background of this upper part of the window would proclaim its maker if there were nothing else in the frame; it is a soft greyish pink, like an apple blossom, or the sky at dawn in June, flecked with points of deeper color, and gives an admirably light and graceful look to all this part of the design, which might easily have seemed heavy and sombre because of the tracery.

An angel stands in either side panel of the lower division, each in white, with shining folded wings of deep blue and green. The sleeves in the undercoat of one are yellow, in the other red. In the old pictures of our Lord's baptism, angels often hold the clothes which he has laid aside, but Mr. La Farge has departed from traditional custom by showing him fully draped in the centre panel, where he kneels before St. John, with the blue water of Jordan washing up to their feet. Again discarding routine, both figures are in full face, instead of one being in profile, in the accepted manner. Our Lord wears a red undercoat and a blue mantle, and St. John, in a closely girded yellow tunic, bends reverently over him, with the baptismal water in the cup of his hands. Behind them a wonderful background of leafage in light and dark greens throws out the reds and yellows. The two figures are strongly contrasted; St. John is all tense vigor and conviction, while our Lord gently fulfills his chosen destiny. The chief impression is one of tenderness and graciousness; Mr. La Farge has made greater windows, but rarely one of more abiding charm.



"WINGED FIGURE"
By Abbott H. Thayer

Abbott H. Thayer

ABBOTT H. THAYER merits his imitable position as a painter of the essential spirit of man, since no one has fathomed deeper than he the mystery of infusing concrete human beauty with the most elusive of divine significance. Though at times he produces delightful portraits and landscapes, he accomplishes his best work when he follows the text that "God created man in his own image," for by his manifestation of his confidence in this creed he secured his place among imaginative figure-painters. Yet the genuineness of his talent, and his adherence to the doctrine has led him so far beyond the province of his orthodox companions that he may be classed almost as a solitary worker in his own field. His canvases bespeak a unique facility in their gentle but strong individuality and characteristic touch, which fortunately lacks all taint of eccentricity or mannerism. Under no circumstances is he theatrical or sensational; rather he has mastered the charm in the suggestiveness of repose. Even when he invests his paintings with movement, as by the fluttering garments of the walking figures in "*A Virgin*," he avoids all suggestion of straining for action. Though to him the model holds its chief interest by its pictorial value in the composition, yet emphasis on pictorial value does not mean that he defies existing human restrictions, or in any way surrenders his appreciation of natural beauty to an artificially decorative scheme of lines. In quite the opposite fashion he produces the antitheses of even the modulated fanciful inconsistencies seen in the later Rossetti school; he achieves his best when, as in "*The Virgin Enthroned*," with earnest simplicity and delicate intuition he selects for his subjects members of his own family, and endows them with ethereal suggestion. Then, indeed, his cool, moderate colors and exquisite modelling, born of a carefully exercised sense of values, most truly effect his deep-seated repose and aloofness of atmosphere. In the "*Winged Figure*" of the angel on the rock above

the grave of Robert Louis Stevenson, Thayer has painted a subtle but truly human face, and the most actual of bodies draped in delicate but obviously earthly material, and posed from a conventional viewpoint, in a most unangelic attitude. But the force of his intellectuality has idealized the features with a wistful placidity and pathos, and imbued a truly ethereal and gentle strength in the sweep and restrained power of the wings and the arms and limbs showing beneath the lustre of the unaffected white drapery. Without attempting to startle by jarring conceits, Thayer's inspiration envelops our willing imaginations in the reserved mystery of his direct conceptions. His pictures always demand attention. More than that, however, they possess a haunting and tranquil dignity that remains long in the memory, a pleasing respite in this age when dynamic force presumes to be the only virtue. Thayer has a sympathy for man which, added to his trained culture and instinct, leads him to understand all the beauty in man's significance.

Abbott Henderson Thayer, son of Dr. Wm. Thayer, was born in Boston in 1849. Until his eighteenth year he lived in the suburb of Dorchester attending the Chauncey Hall School. His fondness for nature was marked from his boyhood, when he attracted attention by his drawings of birds. His parents wished him to enter the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, but his love of art was so strong that at the age of twenty he took a studio in Brooklyn. Shortly after his marriage in 1875, he went to Paris and worked for four winters in the École des Beaux Arts under Gérôme. Up to 1891 his paintings were mostly portraits with an occasional landscape, but of late he has devoted himself to figure work. He is a member of the Society of American Artists, the National Academy of Design, and the National Academy of Arts and Letters.

H. ST. G.



THE SCHILLER STATUE
BEFORE THE COMEDY THEATRE IN BERLIN



SCHILLER READING HIS PLAY "DON CARLOS" BEFORE THE COURT OF WEIMAR

The Schiller Centenary

By MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER, writing from Manheim in the spring of 1784, to an intimate friend, remarked naïvely:

A gentleman has set to music a song out of my "Robbers" in order to do something that would be agreeable to me. Such attention, produced by nothing but simple, pure esteem, on no other ground than to express gratitude for some happy hours he and his family have enjoyed in reading my productions . . . is to me . . . sweet indemnity for a thousand gloomy moments. And when I now follow this further, and think that, in the world, there are perhaps more such circles that, unknown, love me, and enjoy the thought of becoming acquainted with me, and that perhaps in a hundred and more years, when my ashes have long been dissipated, they will bless my memory, and to me, even in the grave, pay the tribute of tears and

admiration . . . I rejoice in my poetical vocation, and reconcile me with God and my often hard fate.

It was to be expected that in Germany Schiller would be remembered with praise and thanksgiving during this year, which is the centenary of his death. But it is not an ordinary matter that extensive programmes should have been arranged in many of the large cities of the United States in his honor. Yet in Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Philadelphia, Milwaukee, and Chicago, as well as in Boston and New York, elaborate Schiller celebrations are planned for the month of May.

Harvard University devoted a whole day early in the year to a consideration

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of Schiller and his work. The celebration was Cantabrigian to the core, solemn and academic in the afternoon, social and dramatic in the evening. For the latter part of the programme

lines of this pictorial poem of human experience were being recited by the master and mistress of the bell-foundry, tableaux were shown behind. Thus Cambridge folk had opportunity to see



THE MOTHER OF SCHILLER

Sanders Theatre was completely filled with a well-dressed audience, assembled to do reverence to a poet for whom, in life, many of those present would have had no sympathy whatever. None the less, all lent an attentive and understanding ear to the Schiller numbers which Heinrich Conried's company of German players had come over from New York to present.

The first offering was the "Song of the Bell," as arranged by Kaulbach for the music of Carl Stor. While the

Radcliffe and Harvard undergraduates representing in turn the wedding feast, the christening party, the death-watch, and all the other bits of life which Schiller so masterfully depicts in these verses. Then followed a recitation by Herr Conried himself of "The Veiled Image at Sais," with its splendid closing lines:

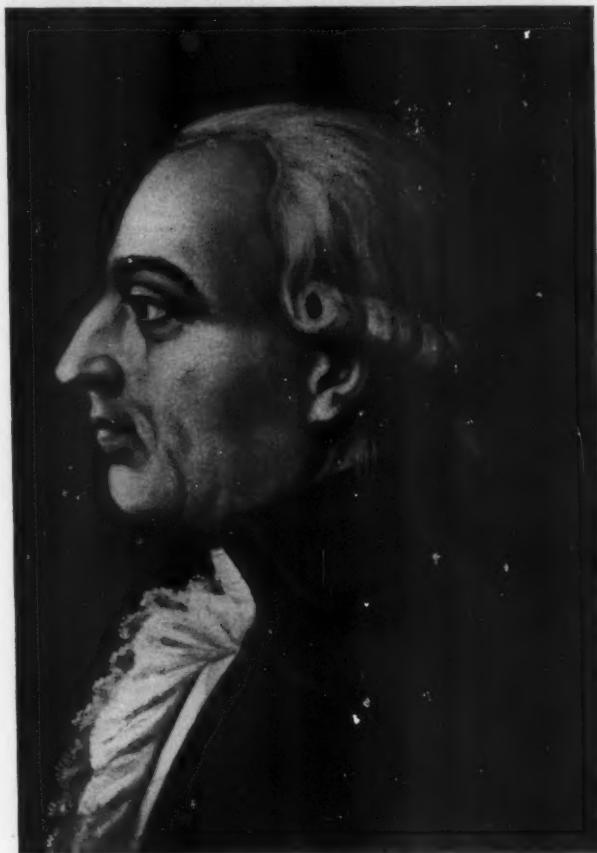
Woe be to him who seeks for Truth through sin!
For Truth so found no happiness will yield.

Next came a reading of that curious

ballad, "The Cranes of Ibucus," and, after a musical interlude, the third act of "Mary Stuart" was played.

Yet in spite of Herr Conried's kindly intentions, the programme as a whole

eminent representatives of culture and education, refugees, many of them, from the monarchical tyranny of the Old World and the persecutions visited on the revolutionaries of 1848. Music



THE FATHER OF SCHILLER

was pale and lacking in the impressive unity it might well enough have had. Boston did much better, we must believe, when it celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of Schiller's birth. This meeting, held in old Music Hall of fragrant memories, was a spontaneous tribute of honor and affection, offered to the people's poet by the German population of the city,—a body which, though smaller in number than at present, included in that day not a few

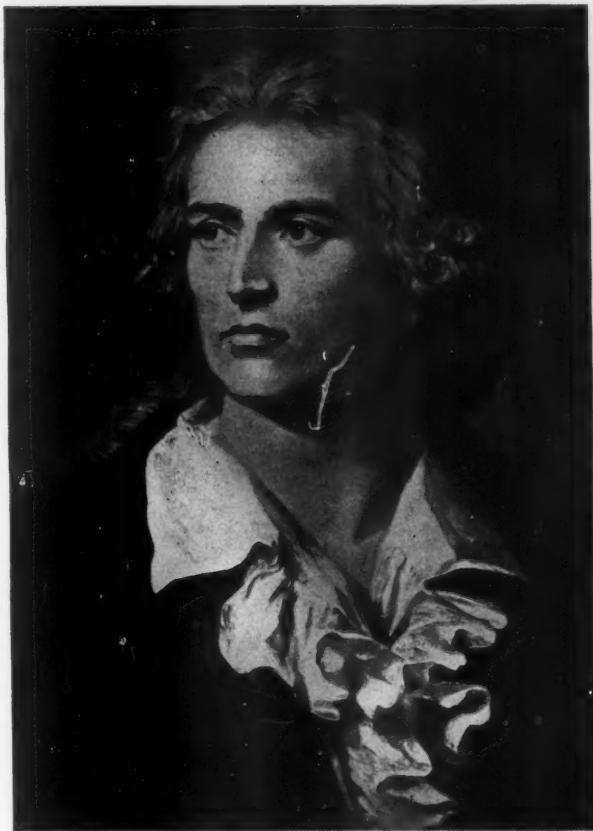
Hall was beautifully decorated for this occasion, a large figure of Schiller being central on the platform. When, at the close of the exercises, Professor Emanuel Vitalis Scherb, apostrophized this representation of the man they had assembled to honor, the audience of twenty-five hundred people went almost wild with enthusiasm.

In Chicago, very likely, a similarly inspiring meeting will be held this year. For on the evening of May 6th

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Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, containing Schiller's "Songs of Joy," will be rendered at the Auditorium by the Thomas Orchestra and the Apollo Club, and on the afternoon of May 7th a mass-meeting will there be held,

literary attainments will be discussed. On the afternoon of May 9th, the actual date of Schiller's death, a short programme will be given at the Schiller Monument in Lincoln Park, and that evening, in the Auditorium, the "Song



GOETHE Schiller

at which the German Ambassador will deliver an address and Professor Calvin Thomas of New York,—the best American exponent of Schiller's achievements,—will give the principal oration. The united Männerchöre of Chicago will sing various popular songs of Schiller's at the second meeting. On the morning of May 8th an academic conference of students of German literature will be held at the Northwestern University building, and Schiller's influence and

of the Bell" will be presented and an important address delivered by General-Major Dr. von Pfister, the representative of the King of Würtemberg.

To discuss in its entirety the life and work of the man in whose memory all these meetings have been planned would be an appalling task. One ought, too, to spend his time in reading Schiller rather than in writing about him. Yet with the centenary of the poet's birth in mind, it may not be too

venturesome here to review briefly the principal events of his very interesting career.

Professor Hugo Münsterberg declared at Harvard's academic tribute to Schiller that this poet and Goethe cannot be separated in the mind of the

gins to understand that neither Schiller nor Goethe can be thought of alone. From that day they stand in his inner world, as they stand on the monument in the market-place of Weimar, on the same pedestal, their hands on the same wreath of laurel.

Too long, indeed, has the world of German critics insisted upon the error



CHARLOTTE VON LENGEFELD (FRAU SCHILLER)

mature admirer of Germany's classic age of literature:

The German schoolboy, to be sure [he said], knows his enthusiastic Schiller by heart, but feels himself far from Goethe's marble coolness; and in reverse, when he comes to adolescence, Schiller seems to him suddenly hollow and declamatory, and his whole adoration goes over to the author of "Faust." But as soon as he grows mature, he be-

of forcing an unnatural contrast between Goethe and Schiller, her two greatest men. Schiller himself said once: "*Gegen Goethe bin und bleib' ich ein poetischer Lump*" ("Compared with Goethe, I am, and shall remain, a poetical thing of shreds and patches"). Yet it is unquestionably to Schiller that Goethe owed the springtide note

of vigor and youth so remarkable in "Hermann und Dorothea," the freshness of "Wilhelm Meister," and the dramatic power of the completed "Faust." On the other hand, Schiller began his career as a great poet only after he had come under Goethe's influence; and he produced his three most important plays,—the "Maid of Orleans," "William Tell," and "Wallenstein," under Goethe's inspiring criticism. The truth of the matter is that Schiller was as necessary to Goethe's intellectual development as was Goethe to Schiller's. Neither could have done his best work without the other's inspiring sympathy. In the correspondence between the two,—more than nine hundred surprisingly

brought no note of discord into this rarest of friendships.

Carlyle, in his very entertaining "Life of Schiller," discerns many a point of resemblance between the most popular poet of Germany and that writer of verse whom all Scotchmen dearly love. In truth, Friedrich Schiller and Robert Burns had many things in common. They were born in the same year, their parents were equally humble, and both had repeated opportunities in young manhood to profit by the tuition of that sternest of teachers,—poverty. Of Schiller's mother as of Burns's, it was true, too, that she was a great lover of poetry. Schiller's father was, however, of a rather more exalted station than the elder Burns. By dint of ceaseless devotion to the Duke of Württemberg he had risen from a barber-surgeon to the rank of lieutenant. When the news of his son's birth reached him amid the ranks, he besought God to bestow upon the boy "those gifts of mind and soul to which he himself, through lack of education, had never attained." Little did he foresee that Friedrich was to grow into an enthusiastic combatant against the base despotism he had carefully courted!

Schiller's first teacher was a clergyman, and because he himself was naturally devout, he early began to look towards the sacred profession. But for the Duke of Württemberg, indeed, a poet might have been lost in a pastor. The Duke had lately set up a free seminary where he proposed to give the sons of his military officers the sort of education which would fit them to be valuable to him, and it was here decided that Schiller should be a lawyer. Somewhat later, when training in medicine was introduced into this Stuttgart institution, Schiller was enrolled for science courses, and—the easier to escape hateful law—the boy proceeded to study anatomy. Already, though, he was turning secretly to verse. Plutarch, Shakespeare, Klopstock, Lessing, Goethe, and a multitude of others he had studied with avidity for some years. But while loving poetry, he realized that he could not live by it. His prudence told him that he must



THE SCHILLER-GOETHE STATUE AT WEIMAR

modern letters covering ten years of the prime of both and ending only with Schiller's life,—we find the fullest and freest literary confidence and a sympathy which never fails. Even the fact that Goethe was an aristocrat to the backbone, while Schiller's sympathies were wholly with the people,

provide himself with a profession sufficient for self-support. For this reason he followed diligently, if despairingly, the medical lectures thrust upon him. He even gained three prizes, which he had the pleasure of receiving, at the

history, but in literature. The hero, Karl von Moor (a thinly disguised Schiller), is the victim of a grim, inexorable fate. The world of this drama is a den of thieves where nothing but death could be the end of such a high-



THE JAEGER PORTAIT OF SCHILLER

close of his course, from that Duke of Weimar who was afterwards to be his literary Mæcenas. On this occasion Goethe himself visited the academy, and young Schiller's heart must indeed have swollen within him at the sight of the far-famed author of "Werther" and "Goetz," a man whose voice had already rung stirringly, though he was still young, in the cause of liberty and the pure instincts of humanity.

The publication in 1780 of the "Robbers," Schiller's first production, forms an era not only in this poet's

spirited, noble-souled youth. Schiller had here struck a note of combat and defiance to existing oppression. By means of it he hoped to shake the world as Rousseau had shaken it with "Emile." And, full as it is of excrescences and defects, the "Robbers" has strength and individuality. Schiller himself pronounced its justest criticism when he said of it in maturer age, that his *chief* fault was in "presuming to delineate men two years before he had met them."

The publication and subsequent stage



THE SCHILLER STATUE AT FRANKFORT

production of this play fittingly supplied the occasion of the poet's deliverance from the grating thraldom of obedience to the Duke. Because, to attend the performance of his drama, he had dared to absent himself from the regiment whose surgeon he now was, Schiller was banished for all time from Stuttgart. He himself says, "I went empty away—empty in purse and hope."

Some friends at Bauerbach having offered him hospitality, the poet was enabled, however, to resume his poetical employments. Quite promptly he wrote "*Fiesco*" and "*Love and Intrigue*." In these two dramas we see that Schiller's ideas of art had grown much clearer, and that his knowledge of life had greatly enlarged. For the first, the materials were derived from history,—enormity of incident and strangeness of situation lending assistance, as in the case of the "*Robbers*."

"*Love and Intrigue*" is, however, a domestic tragedy, the great merit of which lies in its sympathetic presentation of a pure young heart unsullied as yet by the tarnish of every-day life.

To the period of the two last-named plays belongs Schiller's connection with the Manheim Theatre. In September, 1783, he accepted the post of poet to Dalberg's playhouse, and from this time on he was exclusively a Man of Letters.

All my connections [he declared] are now dissolved. The public is now all to me, my study, my sovereign, my confidant. To the public alone I henceforth belong; before this and no other tribunal will I place myself; this alone do I reverence and fear. Something majestic hovers before me, as I determine now to wear no other fetters but the sentence of the world, to appeal to no other throne but the soul of man.

This noble declaration of intellectual independence was printed by Schiller in the preface to *Rheinische Thalia*, a periodical review of poetry and the drama, which he published from 1784 until ten years before his death. It was in this magazine that "*Don Carlos*," the play which served to introduce the poet favorably to the Court of Weimar,

first appeared. The *Thalia* printed also many charming poems, which Schiller composed amid the harassing cares of the playhouse. Among these were the verses to Laura Schwann (daughter of his publisher), the object of Schiller's most idyllic romance, and the girl to whom at one time he offered himself in marriage. The light touch in some of these poems, notably in that called "*Rapture*," is very beautiful:

I see young Loves with fluttering wings outspread,
The very pines a merry measure tread,
As though at Orpheus' call.
The poles around me with increasing force
Revolve, when in the dance's rippling course
Thy fairy footsteps fall.

Thy glance—illumined by the smile of love—
To burning life the very stone can move,
And wake a pulse divine;
My dreams will crystallize to deed,
If in thine eyes I rightly read:
Laura, Laura mine!

Yet it was not through this Laura of his Manheim days that Schiller's "dreams were to crystallize to deed." Appreciative letters from Leipzig now decided him to make that town his residence. Accordingly, we find him writing this characteristic letter to a friend in the larger city:

If it were possible that I could make a lodgment with you, all my domestic cares would be removed. I require for my private happiness to have a true, warm friend that would be ever at my hand, like my better angel; to whom I could communicate my nascent ideas in the very act of conceiving them, not needing to transmit them by letters or long visits. . . . I want nothing but a bedroom which might also be my working room; and another chamber for receiving visits. . . . I cannot live on the ground floor, nor in an attic; also my windows positively must not look into the church-yard. I love men, and therefore like their bustle. If I cannot so arrange it that we five friends shall mess together, I would engage at the table d'hôte of the inn; for I had rather fast than eat without company, large, or else particularly good.

Schiller arrived in Leipzig at the end of March, 1785. He was very warmly

Der Orländ' Kind), von Eugenio und Sophie
niedrigt — so dorthin, daß ihm die Spalt,
Doch so wie sie sich auf dem Dienne Eugenio
in Dienne Bank Eugenio Einmal fällt!
Sie ist für Herrn! — der Goldringen!
Die jeder lieue Stück Eugenio fällt,
Die dann sahft Eugenio die verzungen
der Habsame; die — Eugenio befahl,
Sie Eugenio, die Eugenio sie verzungen!
Die Glaubter sie zu fällt gefall,
Die Brüde; die Eugenio Eugenio gegeben,
die erhofft sie für Eugenio sieben haben,
für Eugenio und Eugenio sei.
Den Johann ja schreie nachher Eugenio,
der fruglich mäßigen Baldinen
der Magnat der Thyppel und der Ringel!
Den willig falle — der Eugenio holt hau!

Silvius Diller.

welcomed. Almost from the first, indeed, he found himself rather a lion:

It is quite a peculiar case, my friend [he wrote to Laura's father], to have a literary name. The few men of worth and consideration who offer you their intimacy on that score, and whose regard is really worth coveting, are too disagreeably counterweighed by the baleful swarm of creatures who keep humming around you, like so many flies; gape at you as if you were a monster, and condescend, moreover, on the strength of one or two blotted sheets, to present themselves as colleagues. . . ."

In the completed "Don Carlos," upon the last acts of which the poet now set eagerly to work, we first find the mature Schiller. The opportunities he had lately enjoyed for extending his knowledge of men and things, the arduous labor he had expended upon technique, and his devoted study of inspiring models, had not been without their result. Then, too, this play offered opportunity for glowing eloquence in the cause of truth, justice, and humanity, and for the expression of that ardent love of men which was ever Schiller's ruling passion. To its Marquis de Posa are given some of the most noble lines in all German literature, as he pleads with Philip of Spain:

To th' people's good
Devote the kingly power, which far too long
Has struggled for the greatness of the throne.
Restore the lost nobility of man.
Once more make of the subject what he was,
The purpose of the crown; let no tie bind him
Except his brethren's right, as sacred as
His own. And when, given back to self-depend-
ence,
Man awakens to the feeling of his worth,
And freedom's proud and lofty virtues blossom,
Then, Sire, having made *your* realms the happiest
In the earth, it may become your duty
To subdue the realms of others.

The tragedy of "Carlos" was received with immediate and universal approbation; and now that some measure of financial success had at last come to him, Schiller began to indulge the thought of marriage. With his gentle, poetic nature he stood in great need of the tender responsiveness a loving wife would supply.

It is the common opinion [he wrote to a friend about this time] that genius is sufficient to itself. I never can believe it. If I can set myself in the widest sense for example, then the present state of my soul proves the contrary. Painfully and laboriously, often without any good result, I have to work up a mood, a poetical tone, which would come of itself in ten minutes near a good, intelligent friend.

The woman who was to meet all his needs was Fraulein Charlotte Lengefeld, a beautiful and intelligent girl, whom he loved almost from his first sight of her during a visit to Weimar in 1787. From this visit dates, too, Schiller's first personal acquaintance with the great man who had made Weimar the Athens of Germany.

Carlyle suggests that one may form some approximate conception of the contrast between Goethe and Schiller on the occasion of their first meeting, by figuring an interview between Shakespeare and Milton.

How gifted, how diverse in their gifts! The mind of the one plays calmly, in its capricious and inimitable graces, over all the provinces of human interests; the other concentrates powers as vast, but far less various, on a few subjects; the one is catholic, the other is sectarian. The first is endowed with an all-comprehending spirit; skilled as if by personal experience in all modes of human passion and opinion, therefore tolerant of all. . . . The other is earnest, devoted; struggling with a thousand mighty projects of improvement; feeling more intensely as he feels more narrowly; rejecting vehemently, choosing vehemently; at war with one half of things, in love with the other half; hence dissatisfied, impetuous, without internal rest.

Goethe was now almost forty and had long since found his place and work. Schiller was ten years younger and not yet settled in life. Goethe sat talking brilliantly of Italy and art and men. Schiller listened in constraint. Yet soon after this meeting the younger man wrote:

On the whole, this personal encounter has not at all diminished the great idea which I had previously formed of Goethe. But I doubt whether we shall ever come into any close communication with each other. Much that still interests me has already had its epoch with him. . . . Our modes of conceiving things appear to be essentially different.

Goethe, for his part, wrote:

On my return from Italy, where I had been endeavoring to train myself to greater purity and precision in all departments of art, not heeding, meanwhile, what was going on in Germany, I

been possible, I would have abandoned the study of creative art, and the practice of poetry altogether. . . . I avoided Schiller, who was now at Weimar in my neighborhood. The appearance of "Don Carlos" was not calculated to draw us any nearer together; the attempts of our common



SCHILLER IN KARLSBAD
From a contemporary drawing

found here some recent works of poetry enjoying high esteem and wide circulation, the character of which was to me utterly offensive. Among these was Schiller's "Robbers," which I hated because in it the very paradoxes, moral and dramatic, from which I was struggling to get liberated, had been laid hold of by a powerful though an immature genius, and poured in a boundless, rushing flood all over our country. . . . I thought all my labor was to prove in vain; the objects and the ways of handling them, to which I had been exercising all my powers, appeared as if defaced and set aside. . . . I was much hurt. Had it

friends I resisted; and thus we still continued to go on our way apart.

By degrees, however, both men found they had been mistaken. Ere long Schiller discovered, by Goethe's kindness in helping him to obtain a professorship of history at Jena, the elder poet's real interest in his welfare. And Goethe came to admire as well as respect Schiller. Rousseau has somewhere said that the same sentiments and different opinions form the best

possible basis for friendship. Possibly, it was the possession of these likenesses and unlikenesses which made Schiller and Goethe friends. In any case, friends they were, of the most intimate and sympathetic kind, from the day when, happening to walk along home together after attendance at a scientific lecture at Jena, they fell into a casual talk upon the merits of the discussion of natural history to which they had been listening with interest. Schiller was dissatisfied with the disconnected way in which the subject had been treated, and Goethe thereupon remarked mildly, that there was certainly "another way of representing Nature." While the explanation was pending, they arrived at Schiller's house, and Goethe was pressed to enter and finish his talk. Readily enough, the older man accepted the invitation. To make his theory of the metamorphosis of plants more clear, he drew a diagram of a typical plant on paper. Immediately Schiller was swept off his feet by enthusiasm for this man's colossal intellect and magnetic personality.

From this time on Schiller's history is bound up with that of Goethe. And since the literary as well as the social and domestic life of the great author of "Faust" is familiar to all lovers of books, we need not trace further the career of the younger poet. Happily married (January 22, 1790) to the Charlotte of his manhood's love, he from now on may be regarded as having reached the height both of his desires and of his literary power.

It would be delightful, were there sufficient space at command, to follow Schiller's genius through the exhaustive historical work, the brilliant essay-writing, and particularly through those inspired dramatic compositions of his later years—"Wallenstein," the "Maid of Orleans," "William Tell," and "Mary Stuart." Our closing word must be given, however, to the man

himself. Milton said that "he who would write heroic poems should make his whole life an heroic poem," and he acted upon his own theory. Schiller lived in more peaceful times than Milton, but his life from the time of his marriage up to the very hour of his death, was an epic. He had never been strong and the military discipline of his boyhood years, added to the privations of his youthful struggle with poverty, had so undermined his health as to make his last fifteen years a veritable martyrdom to pain. In 1804, after a visit to Berlin, for the purpose of witnessing a presentation of his "William Tell," he was seized with a particularly fierce attack of his malady. In the spring of 1805 the news of his



THE CHURCH AT WENIGEN-JENA

From a sketch by Schiller's wife

sudden death chilled the heart of all Germany. His burial at midnight with "maimed rites," while a faint moon threw its grudging rays upon the cheap deal coffin, might have been a scene from one of his own plays,—so charged was it with gloom and haunting mystery. But if Schiller's funeral was sombre, the lesson of Schiller's life is luminous and cheerful to the last degree. For he believed in all free and noble things. And, more than any writer Germany has yet produced, he established the eternal verity that high ideals are their own reward for being.



Our Best Society

XIV

As I was searching for change to pay for my ferry ticket, a breath panted behind me.

"Oh, Mr. Foster! Do pay for me too."

I looked around and there stood Mrs. Eustace.

"I never have any change in my purse, and I do hate this beastly ferry so. You're going down to Teddy's again, I know. I've been talking with Letty's mother over the telephone. She implored me to come down to talk over the wedding-plans. Is n't it exciting?" Without letting me reply, Mrs. Eustace continued: "But it's the only decent thing I've known Teddy Markoe to do. If he had n't engaged himself yesterday I'd never have spoken to him again."

"They seem very much in love," I said; not because I thought so, but because it sounded correct.

Mrs. Eustace sniffed. "It's a blessing all round. The Hendersons have been on everybody's mind for years. It's been positively tragic the way Flossie Henderson has been holding on. Now, of course, Teddy will be glad to give her and that precious husband of hers a good income to keep out of the way. Perhaps they'll go abroad and live."

Having dismissed them, Mrs. Eustace returned to her own affairs. "You were nice and discreet yesterday," she said. "I'm glad to have a chance to thank you. Of course I know you have n't spoken to any one about the matter."

"Oh, no," I carelessly replied.

"It was perfectly simple," Mrs. Eustace resumed. "There's no reason in the world why I should n't tell you, though, of course, one hates to have one's affairs discussed, and it's not like me to go about discussing them. That

ex-husband of mine has been derelict about my alimony. Well, I needed the money and I asked Mr. Cosgrave to take my diamonds and get it for me. He had n't had a chance to explain the sordid details; but he sent me the money by messenger yesterday. It would have been rather horrid if that paper had fallen into any other hands than yours. People are so odious."

At the Long Island station there was great confusion: already the crowds had begun to come from the city. When we had taken our seats in the Pullman, Mrs. Eustace threw back her coat, revealing a pretty white lace waist with large pearl buttons. Men were quickly passing along the narrow aisle in search of their seats. One of them, a tall, athletic figure with light hair, a handsome face, and wearing a long automobile coat, looked at Mrs. Eustace, flushed a deep crimson, and exclaimed:

"Why, Sissy!"

Mrs. Eustace had fixed her eyes on him. "Well, Fritz! How are you?"

"Oh, I'm all right," Fritz replied cheerfully, but with evident embarrassment. "I've never seen *you* looking so well."

"I'm not well, Fritz!" Mrs. Eustace exclaimed in a pathetic voice.

"What's the matter, Sissy?"

"I've been making a fool of myself, as usual, that's all." The manner in which Mrs. Eustace spoke suggested a long series of similar talks in the past, and the glad laugh with which the words were greeted. "What have *you* been doing?"

"I'm a slave. From morning till this time in the afternoon, Sissy. No more days off! No more racketing! Booze, cigarettes—all cut out. Things are going great, too. We've nearly doubled the business in the past year and a half."

"Oh, how splendid!" Mrs. Eustace spoke with feverish enthusiasm.

Fritz looked down at her, smiling brightly.

"Where are you going now?" said Mrs. Eustace in a tone almost wistful.

"To the Goddard's, to their place in Tillbury. I've been staying there since Thursday."

Mrs. Eustace thrust out her lips as a woman does when she is drawing a veil over her face. "Is Edith at home now?"

"Oh, yes. She's been at home all winter."

"She usually goes south," Mrs. Eustace remarked in a faint voice.

Fritz lifted his eyebrows. "I have n't heard her speak of going. None of them have mentioned it."

Mrs. Eustace looked inquiringly at an empty seat near us. "Are you in this car?" she asked.

Fritz shook his head, and I noticed how open and sincere his eyes were. "Frank Goddard must be in the smoker. I'm looking for him."

Mrs. Eustace sighed in acceptance of the statement. "Where are you living now?" she asked.

"Same place—the Wentworth Apartments. They keep me comfortable."

He plainly wished to break away; but he waited for her to give the signal. She held out her hand with undisguised reluctance. He held it firmly and looked into her eyes.

"Have you got everything you want, Sissy?" he asked.

"Everything, thank you."

"Well, if you have n't, you can write, you know."

She turned away with a plaintive smile. "Good-bye, Fritz," she said, hardly above a whisper, and, with a quick glance at that empty seat, he bolted towards the door.

Mrs. Eustace watched him till he disappeared. "That's my ex-husband," she said. "To think that we should meet like this! Ever since I came back from Sioux Falls I've expected this meeting, and I've been preparing for it. And now I've done exactly different from what I'd planned to do! But I never, never thought he'd have

the courage to speak to me. 'Pon my word, I was so flabbergasted!' Mrs. Eustace looked swiftly about, apparently in search of acquaintances. Then she seemed relieved. "He is a good sort, after all, poor Fritz! He was very decent and fine about the whole miserable matter, and while I was out in that horrible hole in South Dakota, he used to write me the sweetest letters. He was so different from Sibyl Lathrop's husband—the beast! Whenever Sibyl and I went out for a walk, two detectives used to stalk after us. And once, when a man Sibyl had known in New York happened to be passing through on business and sent up his card, Sibyl nearly fainted away with fright."

The train had just started, and Mrs. Eustace settled herself comfortably. "Well, I'm glad the Goddards are kind to him!" She drew up her shoulders in a long exhalation. "But Edith Goddard is a cat if there ever was one."

During the rest of our little journey Mrs. Eustace was abstracted, replying to my remarks as if she hardly understood them. As we started to leave the train, she looked about nervously and spoke in a loud voice, and with a sudden assumption of a marked English accent which I had occasionally observed in her speech. "I suppose there'll be a motor to meet us."

On the platform of the station she scanned the men leaving the train. Then she swiftly followed me toward the automobile which I had recognized as belonging to Teddy.

"It's a curious thing," she remarked, ignoring the *chauffeur*, and plainly continuing a train of thought,—"association. The ties it creates, good and bad; but I don't suppose they can be all good. I suppose you two young people are very happy in your honeymooning," she went on, dropping the English accent.

"Well, we feel like an old married couple!" I said with a laugh.

"Old!" Mrs. Eustace derisively echoed. "I feel as if I had lived a million years. And if I were to live a million more," she announced in a

matter-of-fact tone utterly at variance with her manner of a few moments before, "I'd be just as big a fool."

As we approached the house, Alice was standing on the steps of the porch. In her face I thought I could read both anxiety and relief. We went up-stairs together and at the first landing Alice turned into the long corridor.

"They've changed our rooms," she whispered, and I followed. When we had closed the door behind us, Alice exclaimed: "Well, I've had the strangest day. From the time you left, flowers and letters have been pouring in, and the telephone-bell has been ringing all day long. Letty has been nearly crazy with excitement. And what do you think? They're planning to have the wedding within a month."

"Well, why not?" I surveyed the big room, filled with Colonial furniture, and I glanced into the bedroom adjoining. "They're making us comfortable all right," I added.

"They're afraid we'll go," Alice replied. "They're determined to keep us here."

I laughed aloud. "My dear, as a couple we must be charming. Or is it you they're after?"

"We make distraction for Letty," Alice laconically replied.

"I did n't know that an engaged girl required distraction."

"Oh, it is very mysterious," Alice went on, finding me unsympathetic. "But Monty has been a great comfort. He took the whole business as the greatest joke in the world. He has kept Letty laughing all day long."

"And what's Teddy been doing?"

"He's been in his room most of the time."

"Alone."

Alice smiled. "Mrs. Henderson has kept him from being lonely."

I gave Alice a rapid account of my day's doings.

"They know here that you're going to be awfully busy, Ned," said Alice, "and they won't mind a bit if you keep yourself shut up most of the time."

I went down to dinner determined to be cheerful. Teddy, bruised but unbandaged, and looking almost hand-

some in his pallor, appeared at the table and took the seat that Henderson had been occupying; it was announced that Mr. Henderson's business had detained him in town. Mrs. Henderson sat opposite the boy, wearing one of the most *ingénue* frocks, and Letty was at Teddy's right, flushed, bright-eyed, and, I thought, rather scared. Mrs. Eustace, in her rose-colored dinner dress, reminded me of a great peony: without being really large she, somehow, suggested superabundance. As we bent over the oysters, some one, I think it was Mrs. Henderson, made an inquiry about Cosgrave, and in a flash came a reply from Mrs. Eustace that closed the subject. "I don't know anything about him."

Then Monty piped up: "Gee, I wish we could have Dick Ferris down here. We need another hand at bridge. I don't suppose we can count on you, Foster?"

"Perhaps you can get Dick," Mrs. Eustace carelessly replied. "Why not call him up on the 'phone?"

"Oh, he's always dining out somewhere," said Monty, with a bored air.

Nothing further was said about Ferris; but, after dinner, while we were drinking coffee in front of the fireplace in the living-room, I heard Monty at the telephone. A few moments later he came in and explained that Ferris was not in his rooms.

"Did you leave a message?" Mrs. Eustace asked, and Monty snappishly replied: "Yes, I did."

The incident seemed casual and insignificant enough; but it struck me as odd that Monty should care whether Ferris came or not. Besides, as I left the room, I noticed that I left behind people enough to make up a game of bridge. I soon forgot the episode, however, in the thought of the work I had before me. There was no time to be lost in pacing the floor or in idly contemplating my task. With an effort, I got my pen under way and, between intervals of repose, I kept it busy till Alice entered the room. She expressed astonishment at finding me still awake.

"It's past twelve o'clock," she said.

"What have you been doing?" I asked.

"We played bridge till eleven."

"For money?"

"Small stakes, dear. Hardly——"

"How much did you lose?"

"I won seven dollars."

I frowned. "It's really awful, this business." I felt that I ought to make the remark; though I was too sleepy to feel any moral qualms.

Alice lifted her eyebrows. "But every one does it," she said, making the argument with which women always believe themselves triumphant.

"That makes it all the worse. I wish you'd stop it, dear."

"But, Ned, how can I without seeming hateful? They positively will not play without stakes. Monty was vexed as it was, because——"

"Oh, damn Monty!"

"They'll hear you, Ned, if you are n't careful."

"I supposed they'd all gone to bed."

"All but Letty and Monty."

"Letty and Monty!" I exclaimed. "Where are they?"

"I left them out on the porch. It's very mild out there, and the moon is shining. They're waiting for Mr. Ferris."

"What! At this hour of the night?"

Alice laughed, as if at a delicious joke. I waited till she subsided. "He called Monty up on the 'phone and Monty told him to come straight down."

"Backed by Mrs. Eustace, of course."

"She did n't stir from her seat. They are trying to get all the people they can capture—that is, Mrs. Henderson is. Teddy must have given her *carte blanche*. But it's hard to get people at such short notice. They have so many 'dates ahead,' as your theatrical friends say. That's why a man like Dick Ferris is so useful."

I covered my face with my hands and groaned. "This is positively oppressive!" I exclaimed.

"Don't take it so seriously, Ned. It's simply a business, and it's very like any other business."

"Oh, I wish we could get out of it!"

"Can't you work here?" Alice said with alarm.

"Oh, yes, I've done a lot to-night. But I—I want to get out of this mess."

"What mess, dear?"

"Things are all wrong here. Can't you feel it? It's in the air."

"Ned, you've been working too hard. You must go to bed and get a good sleep."

The next morning Alice announced that she was going to town. "You won't mind, dear, will you?" she said.

"What for?" I said severely.

"Well, for two reasons," Alice hesitated, her forefinger at her lips.

"One is to confer with Mary. What's the other?"

Alice straightened herself up.

"To keep an appointment with Mr. Cosgrave."

"Ah!" I breathed hard. "Does Mrs. Eustace know of that appointment?"

"She's possibly forgotten it. She forgets everything."

"You know I've been opposed to the portrait all along."

But he's done so much work on it, dear."

I waved both hands. "How many more sittings?" I asked.

"I'll make this the last one, Ned," said Alice in a tone of concession.

An obstacle suddenly occurred to me. "Who will go to the studio with you?"

"I'll take Mary," Alice promptly replied.

To keep from yielding to loneliness I worked with desperation. At two o'clock I ate my solitary meal with the comforting sense that I had accomplished three times as much as I could have done at home. After eating, I smoked for an hour, still thinking of the play and the rewards it might bring. Then I attacked it a second time, resolved to make a record. It was five o'clock when Alice appeared, and, at sight of her, I threw my arms around her neck and exclaimed: "I'm in the fourth act. It's coming on great! Everything for Lily Valentine. Hurrah for the house in the country!"

Alice was laughing and trying to

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disengage herself. "Mrs. Van Zandt will think you're crazy!" she said.

I stepped back and saw Mrs. Van Zandt's slight figure in the dim light of the hall. "I beg your pardon," I said.

Mrs. Van Zandt came in smiling radiantly. "Don't. It makes me feel young again."

We shook hands and I felt an absurd desire to embrace her too. At the moment, I loved everybody.

"You certainly must have that house in the country," she said quizzically. "The country air just suits you. By the way, when you finish your visit here, why can't you two children come to us at Tuxedo? I'm just going down for a month."

"But if things go well," Alice interposed with a glance at me, "Ned won't be near New York after a little. He'll have to be on the road, looking after his play."

Mrs. Van Zandt rested her hand on Alice's arm. "Then you must come, my dear, and keep me company while he's away. How is that?" she asked, looking up at me.

"Well, if she does n't come along too," I said, and I suppose my voice sounded wistful. I had a vision of lonely hotels, ghastly night-trains.

"I had to come down and see Letty," said Mrs. Van Zandt. "It was such a surprise. Do you know, I never even thought of such a thing, though I knew, of course, Madam had her eye on Teddy." She lowered her voice. "But Madam has had her eye on so many." Then her voice sank into a deep whisper. "We all thought she was fond of Monty, and we've been inviting them to our dinner-parties for two winters, and putting them together."

"But Monty could n't see it that way," I ventured to remark.

"Apparently not," Mrs. Van Zandt replied, with a little bird-like flutter.

When she had left the room, I returned to Alice. "Oh, I've had such a day!" Alice exclaimed.

"Did you go to Cosgrave's?"

Alice curtseyed. "With Mrs. Van Zandt. I met her at the station. She

was just coming out here. I explained everything."

"Everything!" I gasped.

"I mean about how you felt," Alice innocently replied. "It appears that most awful stories are going round about Cosgrave. He never pays his bills, and he—"

"And Mrs. Van Zandt encouraged you to go there, did she?"

"She said I might as well let him finish the portrait. She said there was no use in antagonizing him."

I laughed scornfully. "Antagonizing him! Then it's over?"

"Yes, dear Ned, it's over," said Alice, flatly. She went on with more spirit. "We went home and Mary prepared a nice luncheon for us, and she said she was n't lonely a bit, and we could stay as long as we liked"—she came over and put her arms on both my shoulders—"so let's stay till the play is done."

That is exactly what we did, and I look back on our week at Teddy Mar-koe's with some astonishment. It may have been the place, it may have been Lily Valentine's eagerness, it may have been the combination of circumstances, or it may have been chance alone; but by the following Monday morning I had reached the end of the play. Each day I sent "copy" to the stenographer in New York, and, by the time we were ready to leave, the first three acts of the piece were typewritten. Meanwhile Alice had protected me from the merrymaking that had gone on under the roof.

We found Mary in the apartment with such a look of conscious innocence in her naturally indignant face that I at once became suspicious. But Alice, after a quiet glance over the rooms, assured me that all was well. For the next few days we saw almost no one, and it was a relief to be free to work. Even Mary seemed inspired with the importance of the time, and treated me with respect. She plainly approved of my being shut up in the house all day. Though I had come to an end of the play, I found I had only laid a foundation for future work. Scenes had to be re-written or transposed, or omitted

altogether to make room for new scenes; many of the speeches that had written themselves so easily were found to be verbose and ineffective. Alice and I went over the play act by act, scene by scene, line by line, till we began to hate it, and I thought ruefully of the typewriter's bills. By the following Saturday night we received a clean copy of the play and we decided not to look at it.

"Let us take a day of rest," said Alice; and I gladly agreed. On Sunday morning a message summoned me from bed to the telephone. I took the number with the promise that I should call it up in half an hour.

"Lily Valentine!" I called out to Alice. "She must have come in by the night train."

Over the telephone Lily Valentine's voice rang out sharply. I could almost have anticipated the words. "Oh, if it is n't good, I'll kill you! Come up as soon as you can possibly get here. Take the Elevated and walk across town."

On my return to the apartment, Alice was running over the first act. "It's come out splendidly, Ned. It seems so clean and finished."

"No play is ever finished," I grunted, determined not to be hopeful.

Without stopping to take breakfast, we read in silence, Alice keeping one act ahead of me. The stenographer had done a good job. When I finished reading, Alice was in tears.

"Silly!" I exclaimed; but there were tears in my eyes too. I hate to see Alice crying.

"If she does n't like it!" Alice whispered.

"Well, if *you* like it!" I said, and then we had a moment of such rapture that I felt repaid for all my work. "What difference does it make whether she likes it or not?" I said.

Lily Valentine did like it—with reservations.

"Oh, if I'm mistaken about it, I'll never rely on my own judgment again," the actress said, when I had finished reading. She shook her fist at me. "Oh, you man! If you've fooled me.

It may be all in your reading,—not that you're such a great reader, you've missed point after point,—but you make me believe in it. Now I'll get Holbrook to wire all the people to-day and we'll read it aloud to them tomorrow. Mind you! I don't say I'll put it on. Holbrook must be consulted."

She was tremulous with excitement, and she began to cough violently. I looked on aghast. "Oh, don't be afraid! I'm all right. It's just my throat." In a few moments she controlled herself. "There!" she said angrily. "Don't be afraid I sha'n't be able to put on your old play." She offered her hand, still angry, apparently with me, but really with herself, and I hurried away.

The next day I read the play to a group of overdressed, supercilious eccentrics, who at first treated me as if I were an amusing specimen brought in to entertain them. Their opposition caused the perspiration to break out on my forehead. Slowly, however, I could feel their interest grow, and when I had finished the third act, they were listening intently. At the close, one of them exclaimed to another under his breath, but loud enough for me to overhear: "It'll never go in New York. They won't stand for *her* in it."

Holbrook rose from his seat beside Lily Valentine. From time to time I had seen him whisper to her. "We'll give out the parts to-night," he announced, and the actors dispersed into the wings.

"They were dead against it," said the actress, walking towards me and smiling. "They thought it was just one of my enthusiasms."

"Now, look here, Lily," said Holbrook in a loud voice. "New York for this! We don't want to try any experiments in Jaytown, and we need all the time we can get for rehearsing."

"All right, sonny," Lily Valentine replied, evidently pleased that he was willing to do the play at all. Then she cried out, snapping her fingers in my face: "But you'll have to come along with us just the same."

(To be concluded.)

A Glance Backward at Ivan Turgenieff and His Work

IT is no idle figure of speech to say that the silence of the steppes was broken for the Western world when Turgenieff's voice first penetrated to Western ears through Eastern mists half a century ago.

Before then it was only an occasional intelligent traveller, possibly a supercargo above the ordinary run, whose ultra-commercial knowledge of "the Russias" went beyond the fact that one Czar, Peter, with queer tastes for ship-building, one Czarina, Catherine, with queer morals, had ruled in their respective epochs over a land whose veneer of civilization was a thin covering for Tartar traits, a realm where oppressed serfs and barren wastes existed drearily, and where tyranny was rife. Napoleon's adventures were known, to be sure, but they only trailed along in their wake general impressions of cold and suffering and interminable distances. With this ignorance, massive as the concepts it veiled, the reading world rested content, until the first note of Turgenieff's accent, rendered into tongues less generally incomprehensible than his own, aroused curiosity to learn more of writer and of people pictured in separate, unheroic, private individualities.

Among the first Americans to appreciate the high value of this portraiture was Henry James. In various utterances, he called his fellow-countrymen's attention to the large-minded, simple-lived, fervent writer, living in the French capital, far from his own Russia, yet not Gallicized, but ardently devoted to the interests of that land of his for whom he dreamed a future equal to the possibilities he saw in the great uncouth, immature colossus.

In 1883, when the body of the dead Russian started from Paris to seek its last resting-place at home, Henry James was with the near French friends who gathered at the station to say farewell. Now, twenty years later, it is James who writes the introduction to

the latest English version of Turgenieff's works,* and the publishers are to be heartily congratulated that they have just this word to offer a younger generation to put them in touch with the author. What James has to say is more than charming. It is initiate, sympathetic, appreciative, yet delicately discriminating. It is eminently the right foreword to usher in this sumptuous edition of Turgenieff's works long in course of publication. Beautiful are the volumes in outer show, and delightful are James's phrases of appraisal.

"His genius," he says of Turgenieff, "is the Slav genius, his voice the voice of those vainly imagined multitudes whom we think of to-day as waiting their turn in the arena of civilization in the gray expanse of the North."

That a Muscovite home-loving note pervades the absentee writer's productions James feels strongly, and that is the reason why their value has extended far beyond the interest of novels of the passing hour. But in a way they were essentially the offspring of the hours which gave them birth, for they reflect the progress of transient events in a manner to make them peculiarly significant in a survey of the nineteenth century and as a part of the Russian story whose end is not yet in the gray expanse of the North.

As they come to us now finished, complete, without any of the element of surprise which still accompanied them in the sixties, and even the seventies, when Henry James went to lay his own homage at the feet of a writer whom he had learned to admire from afar, what impression do they make, these romances of the then new Muscovy?

Memory is so short that it is wise of Miss Hapgood to tag each volume of

* "The Novels and Stories of Iván Turgenieff." Newly translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. International edition from new plates by De Vinne. Charles Scribner's Sons, 16 volumes. \$2.00 a volume. Subscription only. Completed 1905.

her translation with the date of its birth and to add a preface to orient its appearance and significance. The date of the emancipation of the serfs (1861) divides Turgenieff's writings with a sharp line. In the "Memoirs of a Sportsman" he is animated by one definite, all-absorbing motive. Not for art's sake are these brief sketches drawn, giving intimate glimpses into fragments of lower class Russian life, as they were caught by an observer who concealed his purpose of laying bare the conditions of serfdom with the accoutrements of a sportsman bent on game. He did not, however, sketch at the moment. The actual writing was done later, when the author was abroad and could look at his native land from a foreign coign of vantage. "Had I remained in Russia I should never have written the 'Memoirs of a Sportsman,' he says. But the later ones were finished at home, whither he was summoned at his mother's death, and he was there when the book appeared. A tremendous effect was produced. The author was not punished for his fearless comments on serfdom, nor yet censured, but a little later he was arrested on another pretext and banished to his own estate (1852), a sentence that does not seem to have been rigidly enforced. Still he was so far under the ban that Russian journalists felt that it was somewhat dangerous to mention the name of this critic who had told so much in such simple, uncontroversial fashion, and they only referred to him in roundabout terms for fear of evil consequences to themselves.

Stories abound in the "Memoirs," but suggested rather than related in a way to make an artistic whole. To us they come as valuable bits of social history, as pictures of a late mediaeval phase of life stranded out of date in Europe, rather than as finished, rounded tales. Renan said: "The master whose exquisite works have charmed our century stands out more than any other man as the incarnation of a whole race" because "a whole world lived in him and spoke through his mouth." It is this world of his that impresses us. Another critic speaks of Turgenieff's gal-

lery of living people, men and especially women. That expression, too, seems to us peculiarly apt. It is a gallery. As stories in perfection the sketches seem deficient in artistic quality. They are to our mind less well framed than Mary Wilkins's New England tales and lacking in the power of Kipling's Indian stories at their best, comparisons that may be allowed because all three writers put one in touch with a distinct, sharply defined phase of localized human color.

Yet this criticism must be expressed with diffidence, as a personal feeling. Certainly Turgenieff was rated very high by his contemporaries for exactly the quality which we find missing in the sweep of his human delineation. George Sand exclaimed, on reading his "Assya," "Master, we must all study at your school," while another critic declares that Turgenieff has a classic rank as an artist, that he is one to be studied and admired for his perfect form long after the interest in the subject has died away.

Possibly the faults felt by an English reader are due to the fact that we are dealing with other words and phrases than those used by the author. In Russian the flow of thought may be smooth, where here it is jerky. Many renderings are too literal and fail to express, possibly, the same figurative meaning in English that they might in the original. Often the attention is forcibly diverted from the thought to the vehicle. Some of the earlier translations came to us through the French. Possibly they and those of Miss Garnett were less close to the Russian, but certainly they were easier reading. One cannot help thinking that if Miss Hapgood had allowed herself more verbal license she would often have come nearer to the spirit of the original.

The clumsiness of language is more striking in the "Memoirs" and in the majority of the short stories than in the longer romances. In condensed narrative structure is insistent in its demands. A misuse or a strange use of a preposition, an inapt colloquial expression, is fatal. A perusal of bits of the "Memoirs" is like sailing over a choppy sea. Yet these vignettes of

serf life certainly are and will remain classics.

"The Diary of a Superfluous Man," too, belongs to the early period of Turgenieff's writing, but it is more of a tale in point of composition and is wholly free from the agitation element. If, at the time of writing this, Turgenieff already classed all men as Hamlets or Don Quixotes, this hero would be ranked in the Hamlet order. That is, he certainly is not quixotic, and he finds the world awry. But there analogy ends. There is no note of universality in the hero's monologue. His own life has fallen short—that is all. His lament is personal, but Tchulkaturin himself might have been anybody, Jan Petersen, John Smith, or Johannes Schmidt, dying of consumption anywhere, though perhaps he would have been interrupted in his meditations by fewer offers of tea had he not been a Russian. It is a sad, depressed bit of life, all on one key, but powerful enough to hold attention to its dreariness.

When we turn to "Rudin," the first long romance (1855), we are puzzled, as were Turgenieff's early critics. The author's own sympathies are not clear. He certainly must have changed his intention in progress. One cannot help thinking that he intended a greater career for his hero than the pitiful unsuccess which is his fate. If Rudin were meant as a type of the agitator of the forties the conclusion is inevitable that Turgenieff cherished little hope for the advancement of his land from such efforts. Rudin's vague futility crowning his fluent speech is unpromising in the extreme. The Slav element is dominant. Rudin's problems are strictly Russian, and the outlook left is dark. Neskrisoff, one of the author's friends, remarked to him, "Thou hast devised something new, but between ourselves thy Rudin is a bore." We do not find him exactly tiresome, but best characterized by the German term *unmotiviert* in conception as in action.

"Fathers and Children" (1861) strikes a different key. Russian as the story is,—and Turgenieff himself says it is directed against the nobility,—it is universal, inasmuch as the inseparable gulf

between two generations is something that recurs with ever-new surprise when children reach manhood and turn to speak to their seniors as man to man. It needs no crisis to produce it. Time does it.

This novel had immediate vogue. Published in 1862 at a moment when the author was openly revered for his part in furthering the emancipation of the serfs (1861), there were eager disciples ready to read his words and then eager in their questionings to know just what he meant by them. So bitter, were the criticisms among those who had counted him the prophet of progress that he felt forced to defend himself both verbally to a group of Heidelberg students and in print to the world. It is curious to note the diversity of the adverse criticisms. Some declared that Turgenieff insulted, others that he cringed before, the younger generation. A belief has been current that the word *Nihilist* was originated in this novel. In reality, the origin was many years earlier, but Turgenieff undoubtedly spread its usage.

Bazaroff, the chief character in "Fathers and Children," is a singularly unsatisfactory person. As with "Rudin," it is hard to believe that the author builded exactly as he planned. The bundle of characteristics does not make the man he seems to want. Rudin is not the vigorous exponent of the younger generation. He is a self-absorbed, uncouth, brutal person who gives no sign of marked ability unless his thorough belief in himself be a proof of his own thoroughness. To the novelist the storm of disapproval that greeted "Fathers and Children" was surprising and crushing. He was profoundly conscious that he was misunderstood, nay, that he had even brought a shadow on his name. "But as a matter of fact what does it signify? Who after the expiration of twenty years will remember these tempests in a glass of water, and my name—with or without a shadow?" More than forty years have fled since these words were uttered, and the name holds its own. Nor was his pen crushed by the shadow as he foreboded. His fertility continued.

"Smoke" (1867), however, brought new storms upon his head. The reformers found it odious, for certain of their kind are treated very harshly. Artistically it seems to us more finished, more rounded than his previous work. Litvinoff is woodeny and rather colorless, but Tatyana is delightful, upright, yet by no means unshaded in her delineation. Not only her own strength is felt, but through her the possibilities of developed Russian character.

But we cannot look at them all—those name-burdened Russians with their dreams and their shortcomings, who fill Turgenieff's pages. As a rule they all come from the upper classes, from those who had peeped out of their native fastnesses into Europe of the West. Except in the early sketches the peasant does not often appear. It is amusing, too, to see what writers of other lands were looked on as the prophets in those days: Mrs. Stowe,—who is said by a gossip in "Smoke" to have slapped a Russian serf-owner in his face; Emerson, Buckle, Macaulay, John Stuart Mill, and various others less esteemed as prophets in the retrospect than in their own periods.

There were only ten years between the births of Turgenieff and of Count Tolstoi, but the latter seems more than a generation the younger man of the two. Possibly the fact that the first monster attacked by Turgenieff actually perished affected him. He is much less definite in his purpose as a knight-errant after serfdom was ended than before, while on the other hand, Tolstoi has grown far more definite, more vigorous in his aims as he has grown older. His vehement wish to see a return to Christ's teachings, as he reads them, has long since outgrown the limits of the romance. He has to state his beliefs differently. From "Anna Karenina" to his fierce arraignment of the Czar's methods in the present war is a long step. He feels the need of utterance, he hopes for fulfilment to the end of his life, as Turgenieff, perhaps, did not. But if Count Tolstoi is more of a prophet, Turgenieff had his own work and he did it, not only for his contemporaries but for posterity, though the latter may read a different message from his words than that he meant to give.

A Plea for the Tail

By E. AYRTON (Mrs. I. Zangwill)

IT has always been accepted without comment, that the discardment of the dorsal appendage by the primeval ape should be regarded as a praiseworthy advance in the scale of social progress, and a measure entitled to the highest commendation. Indeed, the dwindling tail has almost become synonymous with the dawning soul, although the smallest reflection will suffice to show that the two phenomena are absolutely independent. I further propose now to show, that curtailment was not a practical benefit to humanity, but a careless and criminal deprivation of personal liberty and extension.

As soon as the subject is dispassionately considered, the many advantages that would accrue from the retention

of the despised tail immediately become manifest. Take, for example, the trivial instance of shopping with your wife and meeting a lady friend. Fifteen parcels in the gutter do not tend to domestic harmony, but with a tail, the hat could have been raised gracefully, and without accidents, from the rear.

Again for ladies, what a convenience the tail presents as a dress-holder, more especially during the present fashion of sweeping skirts. Or as a fan in the ballroom—the impossibility of mislayal would alone make this form popular. Indeed in this connection I do not only refer to the tails of the fair sex. I can imagine some very pretty gallantry displayed in the zephyr-waiting motion of

the masculine appendage. For shy people, too, the tail would be invaluable: toying with it might fill many an awkward pause in conversation. Or, again, the tail could be used as a book-rest by those who indulge in the reprehensible habit of reading at meals. Or as a cue at billiards, as the name suggests. Or as a stand for musicians. Or as a baton for the conductor. Or as a mahlstick for painters. Or as a camp-stool for sightseers. Or as an amusement for the baby when teething. Indeed, its uses are encyclopædic, and oscillate over the whole field of human life.

Up till now I have left on one side the enormous aid to expression that the appendage would afford, an international congress first deciding whether humanity should adopt the cat or dog system of tail-wagging. Let us take a concrete example, and the increase of dignity to life is immediately made clear. "Base cowards, your evil designs have come to naught!" the hero would cry, his noble and intrepid extremity lashing the ground, while the villain would turn tail and slink away, revealing the dejected droop of that craven appendage.

Naturally, in these days of refined civilization, I am not proposing that the tail should go unclad as in the indecent ape. No, a third sleeve in the correct spot would be added to all costumes, male and female, except, of course, at evening parties, when ladies would wear their low-tailed or *déqueue-tée* gowns. Among members of the upper classes, diamond taillets would be seen on these occasions only, although actresses might perhaps appear with vulgarly bedecked tails even in the daytime.

This leads us to another question needing consideration, namely, the desirability of transferring the wedding-ring to the tail. The idea will doubtless at first come as a shock, but it must be remembered that convention alone has consecrated the hand for this purpose. A little reflection will show us that the tail is unquestionably a more delicate member for purposes of sentiment than the rude hand, which

must necessarily perform many duties of a rough and unpleasant nature. Moreover, for ladies suffering from gout or rheumatism, the tail would be infinitely more convenient as the ring-bearer. The marriage service would, of course, run, "The Minister shall cause the Man with his right hand to take the Woman by her tail," and so on.

Indeed, I make no doubt that the tails of lovers would figure largely in the current literature. A recognized form of courting would be for the interested parties to sit with the tips of the tails intertwined, a method in every way preferable to the present attachment of hands and the demoralizing idleness that it necessitates. Charlotte could caress her lover and go on cutting bread and butter.

There is another point in the consideration of the subject that appears to have been entirely overlooked. It must be remembered that one distinguished character has always, and with no accompanying loss of dignity, resisted the prevailing fashion of curtailment. This alone should surely make us question our wisdom. It is unfortunate that it is considered undesirable to summon this witness personally; indeed, his name and address are not even mentioned in good society otherwise than euphuistically. In spite of these legal irregularities, however, I think we may accept this gentleman's tale as it stands, without being considered an *advocatus diaboli*. The individual in question has never yet been accused either of lack of brains or of blind conservatism. Indeed, he is rather credited with a partiality for innovation, and he has certainly always urged the importance of creature convenience. If he has preserved the once universal tail, it can only be because it was worth preserving. Is it likely that the choice of an ignorant ape would be more discriminating than that of a cultured and cosmopolitan gentleman of long and universal experience?

This is an age of progress. Progress need not, however, always be synonymous with continuity. In education, in taxation, we are reverting to meth-

ods discarded by our fathers. Why should the retailment system alone be considered beyond all criticism, more especially when we remember that we, the human race, are almost alone among the world's denizens in its practice. Surely, at least, it is time to institute a royal commission for inquiry into the question from the point of view of public efficiency and entirely disregarding all party considerations.

Personally I have little doubt as to what the result will be of any delibera-

tion. The appendage will again be introduced by an overwhelming majority; retailment, retrenchment, and refinement will figure as the three "r's" of the future. Perhaps this view may be deemed over-sanguine, but at least I hold it inevitable that one day a general vote of censure will be passed on that original gorilla who, through a reckless desire for innovation, sacrificed one of our most valuable and long-vested institutions—the humble but convenient tail.

Biography and Autobiography

Some Interesting Volumes of Reminiscence and Anecdote.

**Andrew D. White, Theodore Watts-Dunton,
Florence Nightingale**

By JEANNETTE L. GILDER

I

THAT the autobiography of the Honorable Andrew D. White* would be an interesting book there could have been no doubt, of a full and but that it should be as valuable life interesting to the "general reader" as it is will surprise many who belong to that numerous class. I knew that Mr. White was a man who had led a full life, but I did not know, until I read the two imposing volumes that make his autobiography, that his life had such great variety and that he was a man of such varied talents,—educator, politician (in the best sense of the term), statesman, scientist, author. In each one of these walks of life he has attained distinction. While his career has been varied, his politics have not. He has been a staunch Republican from first to last, though he is liberal-minded enough to see something more than bad in his political opponents.

Mr. White came of a good family, and while his father was by no means a man of wealth he was in comfortable

circumstances and could afford to educate his son. The elder White was a staunch Churchman, and sent his son to an Episcopal school, later to an Episcopal college; but the latter did not fulfil the requirements that the son in his ambition to learn all that there was to learn demanded. He determined to go to one of the larger colleges, and chose Yale for his Alma Mater. His father was most violently opposed to this, not that he objected to Yale, but he wanted his son educated at an Episcopal college; and if he was not satisfied with the one in New York State that he had attended for a while, then why not Trinity College, Hartford? But young Andrew had made up his mind to go to Yale, and go to Yale he did. For a time there was a breach between the father and son owing to this difference of opinion, but it was healed through the mediation of the mother.

Several chapters from Mr. White's autobiography have been published in the *Century Magazine*, and while they are interesting chapters they are no more so than many that are to be found only in the book.

At the close of his undergraduate life at Yale, Mr. White went abroad for

* "Autobiography of Andrew D. White." Century Co. 2 vols. \$7.50 net.

nearly three years, and for a part of that time had as his companion his college chum, Gilman, later president of Johns Hopkins University, and now of the Carnegie Institution. Mr. White stayed for a time in England, and then went to Paris, where his object was to become thoroughly familiar with the language and to study French history. He had the advantage, as this was in the fifties, of talking with soldiers who had served under Napoleon, and the memory of that great captain was kept green not only by these old soldiers, but by the presence in Paris of his younger brother Jerome, ex-king of Westphalia. Mr. White saw him from time to time and was much struck by his resemblance to his brother. From France Mr. White travelled in Russia, and from there went to Germany, where he was matriculated at the University of Berlin. A short time after his return to this country, he was elected State Senator and served his country at Albany. And from that time on until he became president of Cornell University he was more or less in politics, the most of his time being spent as representative of the United States at Berlin and St. Petersburg.

When we get Mr. White into diplomacy his reminiscences become the most interesting. Of the present Emperor of Russia he says:

When I talked with this youth before he came to the throne, and saw how little he knew of his own empire, how absolutely unaware he was that the famine was continuing for a second year in various important districts, there resounded in my ears, as so often at other times, the famous words of Oxenstiern to his son : " Go forth, my son, and see with how little wisdom the world is governed. . . ." As I revise these lines, we see another exhibition of the same weakness and folly. The question between Russia and Japan could have been easily and satisfactorily settled in a morning talk by any two business men of average ability ; but the dominant clique has forced on one of the most terrible wars in history, which bids fair to result in the greatest humiliation Russia has ever known.

In writing of Russia and the men who govern that country, Mr. White has the courage of his opinions, and he speaks out most plainly and em-

phatically. Of De Plehve, Mr. White says that when he knew him as under-secretary in the Interior Department of the Russian Government, he was impressed by his insight, vigor, and courtesy. " It was, therefore, a surprise to me when, on becoming a full minister, he bloomed out as a most bitter, cruel, and evidently short-sighted reactionary."

A chapter of this autobiography is devoted to the author's recollections of Pobedonostzeff. Of this extraordinary man, Mr. White has much to say. He seems to be a sort of Jekyll and Hyde. At home in his own library Mr. White found him to be

a scholarly, kindly man, ready to discuss the business which I brought before him, and showing a wide interest in public affairs. There were few, if any, doctrines, either political or theological, which we held in common, but he seemed inclined to meet the wishes of our government as fully and fairly as he could ; and thus was begun one of the most interesting acquaintances I have ever made.

The most curious [continues Mr. White], indeed, the most amazing revelation of the man, I found in his love for American literature. He is a wide reader ; and, in the whole breadth of his reading, American authors were evidently among those he preferred. Of these his favorites were Hawthorne, Lowell, and, above all, Emerson. Curious, indeed, was it to learn that this " arch-persecutor," this " Torquemada of the nineteenth century," this man whose hand is especially heavy upon Catholics and Protestants and dissenters throughout the empire, whose name is spoken with abhorrence by millions within the empire and without it, still reads, as his favorite author, the philosopher of Concord.

And yet, with all this Jekyll side to his nature, the Hyde side seems to be the stronger, apropos of which a Russian princess of ancient lineage, who, when Mr. White mentioned to her a report that Pobedonostzeff " was weary of political life, and was about to retire from office in order to devote himself to literary pursuits, said : ' Don't, I beg of you, tell me that ; for I have always noticed that whenever such a report is circulated, it is followed by some new scheme of his, even more infernal than those preceding it.' "

One of the most interesting chapters in this interesting book is devoted to " Walks and Talks with Tolstoi

[sic]," whom Mr. White found to be in some respects all that his admirers claim that he is and at the same time a man with "unfortunate limitations." "For," says Mr. White, "who will not be sceptical as to the value of any criticism by a man who pours contempt over the pictures of Puvis de Chavannes, stigmatizes one of Beethoven's purest creations as 'corrupting,' and calls Shakespeare a 'scribbler'!"

In discussing American literature with Mr. White, Tolstoy said that Turgueff had once told him that there was nothing in it worth reading; nothing new or original; that it was simply a copy of English literature. To this Mr. White replied that such criticism seemed to him very shallow; that American literature was, of course, largely a growth out of the parent stock of English literature, and must mainly be judged as such. Tolstoy expressed a liking for Emerson, Hawthorne, and Whittier, but he seemed to have read these writers at random, not knowing at all some of their best writings. Among contemporary writers, he knew some of Howells's novels and liked them, but said: "Literature in the United States at present seems to be in the lowest trough of the sea between high waves." When asked who, in the whole range of American literature, he thought the foremost, he replied that the greatest of American writers was—Adin Ballou! "Evidently," says Mr. White, "some of the philanthropic writings of that excellent Massachusetts country clergyman and religious communist had pleased him, and hence came the answer."

I have found this a most readable book from cover to cover, the story of a strenuous life told with simple directness.

II

While there is much to criticise in this book,* there is so much that is interesting and valuable in it that one hesitates to expose his friends its faults. The author is an enthusiastic admirer of his subject, not a calm and critical biographer.

* "Theodore Watts-Dunton: Poet, Novelist, Critic." By James Douglas. Lane.

Mr. Watts-Dunton is not only a poet himself and a critic of poetry, but he is a friend of poets, and it is well known that for many years he has lived with Algernon Charles Swinburne at The Pines, Putney, a suburb of London.

It has been my good fortune to have met Mr. Watts-Dunton and his distinguished friend at The Pines and to have heard both the former and Mr. Swinburne discuss poetry and poets in easy confidence. Mr. James Douglas, who writes the life, is the intimate friend of Mr. Watts-Dunton, who has talked to him freely and has placed his letters and diaries at his disposal.

There are numerous illustrations, including photographs of the rooms at The Pines, taken especially for this volume, and one picture of the back of the house, opening upon the garden, which shows Mr. Swinburne at his window upstairs and Mr. Watts-Dunton at his window downstairs.

Mr. Watts-Dunton has known intimately most of the distinguished literary men of his time. Rossetti, Browning, and Tennyson, not to mention Swinburne, with whom his intimacy has been particularly conspicuous, were all his friends. In his introduction to the book, Mr. Douglas speaks of his own friendship with Mr. Watts-Dunton, whose name, he says, "is now familiar to every fairly educated person." And, he adds, "about few living men is there so much literary curiosity."

To the general reader, what Mr. Watts-Dunton has to say about his contemporaries is perhaps the most interesting feature of the book. With Dante Rossetti he was particularly intimate, and there are numerous souvenirs of the poet-painter at The Pines. I remember several of his paintings and a crayon of Pandora, as well as bits of furniture.

Speaking of Tennyson, Mr. Watts-Dunton is quoted as saying:

The only great man of my time who seems to have shared something of Rossetti's fate is Lord Tennyson. There seems to be a general desire to belittle him, to exaggerate such angularities as were his, and to speak of that almost childlike simplicity of character, which was an ineffable charm in him, as springing from boorishness and almost from

loutishness. On the other hand, another great genius, Browning, for whom I had and have the greatest admiration, seems to be as fortunate as Morris in escaping the detractor.

Mr. Douglas says that he has had many conversations with Mr. Watts-Dunton on the subject of Tennyson, and he is persuaded that, owing to certain incongruities between the external facts of Tennyson's character and the "abyssmal deeps" of his personality, Mr. Watts-Dunton, after the poet's son, "is the only man living who is fully competent to speak with authority of the great poet."

On a certain occasion Tennyson took Mr. Watts-Dunton into the summer-house at Aldworth to read to him "Becket," then in manuscript. Although another visitor whom he esteemed very highly both as a poet and an old friend was staying there, Tennyson said that he should prefer to read the play to Mr. Watts-Dunton alone. And this no doubt was because he desired an absolute freedom of criticism.

Freedom of criticism, we may be sure, he got, for of all men Mr. Watts-Dunton is the most outspoken on the subject of the poet's art. The entire morning was absorbed in the reading, and, says Mr. Watts-Dunton: "The remarks upon poetic and dramatic art that fell from Tennyson would have made the fortune of any critic."

On the subject of what has been called Tennyson's *gaucherie* and rudeness to women, Mr. Douglas has seen Mr. Watts-Dunton wax very indignant:

There was to me [he said] the greatest charm in what is called Tennyson's bluntness. I would there were a leaven of Tennyson's single-mindedness in the society of the present day.

Of Rossetti, Mr. Watts-Dunton says:

That he was whimsical, fanciful, and at times most troublesome to his friends no one knows better than I do. No one, I say, is more competent to speak of the whims and the fancies and the Troublesomeness of Rossetti than I am, and yet I say he was one of the noblest-hearted men of his time, and lovable—most lovable.

Mr. Watts-Dunton would not permit anything about his and Swinburne's life at The Pines to be put into print, and all that Mr. Douglas is allowed to say about the relations between them is that the friendship began in 1872, that it soon developed into the closest intimacy, not only with the poet himself but with all his family. In 1879 the two friends became housemates at The Pines, Putney Hill, and since then they have never been separated, for Mr. Watts-Dunton's visits to the Continent, notably those with the late Dr. Hake recorded in "The New Day," took place just before this time.

A chapter in this book is devoted to Watts-Dunton's American friends. Of the first meeting between Lowell and Watts-Dunton there have been garbled stories, but the true one is here told at length.

Mr. Watts-Dunton insists upon it that, with all his love of England, "Lowell never abated one jot of his loyalty to his own country. There never was a stauncher American than James Russell Lowell. Let one unjust word be said about America and he was a changed man."

In certain quarters in England this book has been severely criticised and set down as a mistake. Perhaps it is, but it is also very interesting.

III

I wonder how many of the readers of this magazine know that Florence Nightingale is still living. The lady To the present generation with a lamp Florence Nightingale is merely a name, as Jenny Lind is a name, though their purpose in life was very different. Jenny Lind sang her way into the hearts of the people; Florence Nightingale, if I may use the expression, nursed her way into the hearts of her countrymen.

The very name, Florence Nightingale, most people suppose, was an assumed one—it is so fanciful; but no, it is the real name of the lady who has borne it for eighty-four years. Eighty-four years is not an astonishing old age. We know any number of people who

have lived for eighty-four years and without attracting attention on that account.

It is the fact that Florence Nightingale's name and work are so well known, and have been so well known for fifty or sixty years, that if we heard that she was a hundred years old it would not seem any too old for a person who has done the work that she has done.

Miss Nightingale is the most modest of women. She has been approached from all sides to write an autobiography, but she has always declined to do so. The nearest approach to an autobiography of this great and good woman is her life, by Miss Sarah A. Tooley.*

If Miss Tooley's book does not tell all that we would like to know, it is Miss Nightingale's fault rather than hers. Nevertheless she has made an interesting story and one that will have thousands of readers—that is, if every one who knows the name and admires the work of Florence Nightingale reads the book.

It is just fifty years since Florence Nightingale, with a band of thirty-eight nurses, started out for service in the Crimean War. Her heroic labors in behalf of the sick and wounded soldiers have made her name a household word, not only in every part of the British Empire, but in every corner of the English-speaking world.

When Florence Nightingale was a small child she was interested in philanthropic work, and under her mother's direction visited the homes of the poor in her neighborhood and did much to alleviate their sufferings.

At a critical period of her life, when her mind was shaping itself for more important work on the lines of philanthropy, Florence Nightingale met

Elizabeth Fry, who was then approaching the end of her life. Mrs. Fry had been visiting prisons and institutions on the Continent, and had established a small training-home for nurses in London. She had also been studying the hospital system at home, and spent some months in the leading London hospitals and visited those in Edinburgh and Dublin. The nursing in the hospitals in those days was not what it is to-day. It was in the hands of the coarsest type of women, not only untrained, but callous in feeling and often grossly immoral.

It was a line written by the war correspondent, William Howard Russell, in the London *Times* that stirred Miss Nightingale to her depths and decided her to go to the seat of war as a nurse. "Are there," he asked, "no devoted women among us, able and willing to go forth to minister to the sick and suffering soldiers of the East in the hospitals at Scutari?"

The suggestion in these words was enough for Miss Nightingale. She decided at once that she would go and take a band of nurses with her. She received her commission from the War Office and set out on her mission of mercy.

Hospitals and training-schools have been established in the name of Florence Nightingale, but nothing, aside from her own work, has done as much to keep her memory green as the lines that Longfellow wrote to her "as the lady with the lamp," beginning:

Lo in that house of misery,
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

and ending:

A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

* "Florence Nightingale." By Sarah A. Tooley. Macmillan. \$1.75.

A Dinner with Balzac in a Lunatic Asylum

(From a Doctor's Diary) *

By MAX TIRAND

Is it possible to spend a few hours in the company of an insane man, to converse with him, without detecting, by some external manifestation, the lack of sanity?

The celebrated French alienist, Dr. Blanche, sustained that the fact was possible, and that even an experienced physician, availing himself of all the sagacity and habit of observation taught by science and practice, might in some cases be misled in his judgment and not discern the lunatic from the exalted mind carried away by his genius or his imagination.

"All the mad ones are not safely locked up," said he, laughingly. "Many who are on the road to folly are left at large."

His friend, Dr. Mirande, was entirely of a different opinion, and declared that it was easy for any talented practitioner to discern the mentally affected from the sane man.

"You would be yourself easily deceived," said Dr. Blanche, "and both apparently may look alike."

"Impossible!" retorted Dr. Mirande. "Some exterior sign always betrays, not only insanity, but a tendency to it."

"Do you accept a wager?"

"Willingly."

Five hundred francs was the stake, and both agreed that the winner would devote the sum to the relief of some poor patient.

"How can you prove what you advance?" said Mirande.

"Nothing more easy. Grant me the pleasure of your company at a little dinner party in my private sanitarium at Passy. There you will meet, besides my assistant and myself, three guests; two of them men of talent, well known in the world of science or literature, and the third an acknowledged lunatic, one of my patients. Of course there

will be no introduction, no names mentioned, only the formal bow of politeness. Be sure that you will be well treated. I have an excellent *chef*, and the dinner will be gay. We shall talk on any topic: music, drama, philosophy, books, history. You may yourself lead the conversation on any branch, and will meet your partners. Only two subjects must be forbidden: medicine or any allusion to mental diseases, and politics. Then, for serious reasons of my own, at ten o'clock sharp the guests shall retire, you alone remaining with me, and you will say who is the madman out of the three. If the terms suit you, come next Sunday at six o'clock."

Dr. Mirande accepted. The table was elegantly served; in the centre a large basket of magnificent fruits placed between two silver candelabras loaded with candles. On one side there were three seats: for Dr. Blanche, his assistant, and Dr. Mirande. The other side of the table was reserved for the three guests unknown to Mirande. They were punctual and arrived almost simultaneously. The first who entered was a perfect gentleman in manners and dress, mild, quiet-looking, with gray hair, an intelligent and thoughtful face, rather sad and serious. He pressed Dr. Blanche's hand in a friendly way and, according to the programme, bowed silently to the others.

The second was a stout man, thick-shouldered, with piercing and active eyes. An abundance of brown hair surmounted his powerful forehead; with a frequent, quick gesture of his, he threw it back like a mane. He spoke loudly, almost hoarsely, and gave Dr. Blanche a vigorous handshake. He was still a young man, although many white lines streaked his beard and hair, and the dejected expression of the mouth betrayed the fatigues of a struggling life.

*The outlines of this story were taken from life and found recorded in a French physician's diary. The names are corrected.—TRANSLATOR.

The third was very *distingué*-looking, slender, a little over forty. His head, already bent down, had long, silky, curly hair; his pale face was well shaven; the thin, delicate mouth and deep eyes indicated the habit of observing and of reflection. He wore on his coat the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

After the unavoidable coolness between people who have never met before had subsided, the conversation was pleasant and lively. The stout gentleman started it at a speedy pace, mingling paradoxical sallies with sparkling witticisms. Dr. Mirande keenly observed the three guests seated directly opposite him. He waited anxiously for a word, a subtle motion of the features, that could indicate who was the mad one.

Napoleon's name happened to be mentioned.

"What a genius!" exclaimed the member of the Legion of Honor.

"A giant!" added the quiet old gentleman.

The stout guest bounded, shouting angrily with his hoarse voice:

"He! a giant! a genius! You mean a humbug who monopolized for half a century the foolish attention of Europe! For me, he is like a spot on the sun, keeping all the light for himself and concealing all his contemporaries. That wretched man-killer absorbed all in his monstrous personality!"

And he was foaming, stretching his fist at an invisible foe.

"Oh! ho!" thought Mirande, "it seems that I may fix my choice."

The stout gentleman, wiping the perspiration from his face, resumed:

"Then, he was an unbeliever, had no faith in God; only in himself. He wanted to rule the earth and succeeded merely in leaving France impoverished, weakened, dismembered . . . !"

The older guest interrupted with his mild, grave tone:

"This sounds like politics, and you know that it is forbidden ground."

"You are right," concluded the stout man. "Let us talk of something else."

At the same time he seized from the basket of fruits a beautiful pear which

he peeled with almost a single motion of his silver knife and devoured it. Then a second, a third—followed by a big, fine apple.

"You are still fond of fruits?" said Dr. Blanche.

"I love them: sometimes I take nothing else for my breakfast, and yours are delicious. I eat meat as little as possible and have almost a disgust for it."

"Meat for me is horrible," said the discreet old gentleman, and his eyes took a queer, singular expression. "Because in meat there is blood! blood!"

Mirande thought: "Could he not be the one?"

But the gray-haired guest, resuming his former attitude, said very mildly:

"I prefer fowls; they are more delicate food and more easily digested."

"The three are sane," believed Mirande; "they only make fun of me, my dear friend Blanche the first."

After dinner, when the butler had brought the coffee, the cigars, and liquors, the conversation was resumed still more lively, and they talked theatre.

"The drama is a very inferior art compared to the novel," said the stout man. "The novelist, with merely some paper, ink, and a pen, brings out a scenery; his imagination alone creates, gives life to a world. Instead, what could the dramatist do without the actors, the stage, a large hall? Nothing at all."

"I never go to the theatre for a particular and very good reason," said the gentleman with the decoration. "One night I took some of the air in a hall filled with a large audience, analyzed it, and found, mixed with the primitive gas, a quantity of fermented animalculæ, germs that engender many human diseases. Dreadful!"

"Now you trespass again and reach a forbidden subject," interrupted the old gentleman, with gravity. "You are gradually coming to speak on medicine."

"True," said the other, who kept silent at once.

The clock struck ten.

"Gentlemen, it is ten o'clock," said

Dr. Blanche, rising himself. "I am sorry to leave you, but duty calls me."

The guests assented and retired. Alone, Dr. Mirande remained.

"Well!" inquired Dr. Blanche. "Who is the madman?"

"None of them."

"You are mistaken—select."

"Then it must be that stout gentleman who reproaches Napoleon for concealing the sun and monopolizing the world's attention. Anyhow, lunatic or not, he is very witty."

"You do not guess aright, for the stout gentleman you just met is the eminent novelist, Honoré de Balzac."

"Impossible! Then could it be the other who plucks air in a theatre hall like flowers in a garden?"

"That one is the great chemist, the Academician Dumas."

"I am dumbfounded; so the insane one is that correct, grave man, perfectly rational in his speech, the wisest of the three? Impossible!"

"Listen!"

One could hear loud, violent screams,

hurried steps, trepidation like a struggle, and finally a fall.

"You hear. This is your perfectly rational man, who is the prey to his fit of furor. It seizes him every night between ten and eleven. They give him an opiate and pass him into the strait jacket. The attack lasts only a few minutes. To-morrow, all day, he will be sane until the crisis arrives."

"Does he realize his position?"

"Partly; he has a great friendship for me and I hope to cure him."

"How was his mind so terribly affected?"

"Two years ago, at ten o'clock, a crime he could not prevent was committed in his presence. The blood splashed on his face and hands and he suddenly lost his reason. For several months he was haunted by the fatal remembrance. Now the crisis seizes him only at the hour of the murder. The attacks are intermittent and gradually keep diminishing in strength. I hope to see his reason restored, though the brain will remain weakened."

Strangers

IT chanced upon a winter's night,
Safe sheltered from the weather,
The board was spread for only one,
Yet four men dined together.

There sat the Man I Meant To Be,
With glory spurred and booted,
And close beside me, to the right,
The Man I am Reputed.

The Man I Think Myself To Be
A seat was occupying;
Hard by, the Man I Really Am
To hold his own was trying.

And though beneath one rooftree met
None called his fellow, "Brother";
No sign of recognition passed—
They knew not one another.

MCLANDBURGH WILSON.

Personal

By H. W. BOYNTON

AFTER all the years and all the words, it remains a hard thing to determine, and a harder thing to explain, what in a given instance constitutes a person. We lack the formula, and can only cast about at random, on the chance of apprehending now and then what we cannot comprehend,—the true stuff of personality. We do not even agree upon the importance of the quest; it is, we say, a study of the first moment, or the idlest of pursuits. At all events, the whole world is engaged in it. Human nature and human society present very pretty problems for the inquiring mind; but, after all, the really fundamental and humane study of mankind is men. Life, in one aspect, is a long and patient process of "sizing up," not forces or products or types, but persons. "What we think of a man" means not what his qualities and achievements are, but what we take him to be; and, material considerations aside, this is what we have most fruitfully to observe of our kin, our friends, and our strangers.

As for family life, its felicity or infelicity is notoriously determined, not by an exercise or neglect of virtues, but by an inherent harmony or discord of natures. Each member comes to have a strong sense of the essential quality, or fundamental tone, of all the others. It is not a matter for quandary or analysis. There is no choice about it: these persons, for better or worse, we know. The acquisition of this knowledge, whether or not a happy one, is the most enriching and illuminating experience of our earlier years. Other facts are, as they present themselves, classified or interpreted by its aid. It affords, not a standard, but a touchstone, by which other personalities are to be tested. It develops, whether by sympathy or antipathy, one's own personality; it paves the way for friendship and enmity. Friendship itself is not seldom, like kinship, the drawing together of amenable per-

sonalities by chance, and, eventually, the growth of a certain tolerant kindness which respectably guarantees the permanence of the arrangement. Even at its highest, though it may be "the true concord of well-tuned sounds," it exhibits no merging of personalities; for that miracle, friendship is seen to be too pale a name.

But our desire for a true knowledge of persons is far from satisfied with the understanding of kinsmen, friends, and lovers. It reaches out toward those whom neither chance nor intent has brought in our way; to a world of strangers whom we desire to know, without especially desiring to be known by them. They dwell at the four corners of the earth. They are of all strains and textures. One fact alone they have in common: that each of them has done something out of the ordinary. From this fact we set out upon our quest of souls: it is not a very promising point of departure. As for our daily comrades, it does not bear especially upon our knowledge of them that they should have done remarkable things. We have *them* to judge by. Our consciousness has, through mere association, become saturated with the essence of them; there is nothing for it but to understand what we probably do not care to analyze. But with strangers we have to start with our little bare data of achievement, and work back painfully toward an understanding of the personality which stands behind, below, or above achievement. Such things this man has done; let us, by aid of them, or in spite of them, get at his true substance, his whereabouts, *himself*. By his works we have been able to classify him, in a way, and through his works we have even arrived at some sort of impression of the build of his mind, the bent of his larger affections, the plane of his spiritual experience. But such an impression does not really satisfy us; we are teased, perhaps, by its very neatness

and completion. It is easy to say that a given achievement is the resultant of such and such forces; but we do not convince ourselves by these assertions. Things are done, we deeply believe, by persons, not by qualities; and instances are few which satisfy us that a man's work altogether expresses him. "Surely," cries Walter Bagehot, with characteristic eagerness, "people do not keep a tame steam-engine to write their books; and if those books were really written by a man, he must have been a man who could write them; he must have had the thoughts which they express, have acquired the knowledge they contain, have possessed the style in which we read them." "Very true," the world admits, without enthusiasm: "a book is commonly written by an author, and an author is pretty well accounted for by his thoughts, his knowledge, and his style. But a man is not. The fact that this human being has done something may have happened to start our train of thought in his direction. Now we are quite ready to forget what he has done; we are capable at a pinch of forming our own opinion of him as a producing mechanism. Tell us something important about him: the color of his hair, what tobacco he smokes, whether he is fond of animals and good to his wife. Then we shall begin to be able to guess what kind of person he is."

The world is right enough in its demand. True works of art, to be sure, often achieve what seems like a complete expression of personality. One may even, as Bagehot meant to suggest, get to feel the personality of Shakespeare through constant association with his works; far more readily than that of Dante or Chaucer or Cervantes. But such names, after all, are surrounded by a penumbra of opinion which can but have its influence upon us; our impression is less immediate than we fancy it. Outside of art, a man's work utters little to the point. We are keenly interested in the builder of a bridge or a cyclopedia, but the achievement itself can do next to nothing for us. It will say something,

perhaps, of intellectual power, or perseverance, or technical skill; hardly anything more significant of the man himself. Yet the world is convinced that such works emerge from personality, if they do not articulately express it; and avails itself eagerly of any clearer or complementary information which may offer from other sources. It is not too keenly incensed, therefore, with a biographer or a reporter who is a little over-zealous in his exploration of the minutiae of private life. That is an error on the right side, at least; we shall be sure to have missed nothing when the last inner veil has been stripped from cherished intimacies, hidden blemishes, or even hitherto unnoted trivialities.

It was a pleasant dream the old world dreamed of Privacy,—that estate protected, if not by an austere front of stone wall and broken bottle, at least by some friendly reticent hawthorn or two; but we secretly doubt whether there is room in the economy of modern life for such seclusions. For ourselves, we are perhaps not over-cordial to indiscriminate approach. We do not precisely encourage the person who peeps through our evening blinds out of sheer light-heartedness, or the stalwart maiden "representative" who snapshoots us untimely from frankly sordid motives. We are aware of little domestic incidents and habits of ours which are evidently nobody's business. But we are not altogether sure that this is true of other people; and in general find it easy to resign ourselves to the supposition that this affair of private experience should be public property. We think none the better of Tennyson for his lifelong habit of fastidious retirement, or of Arnold for his brusque waiver of the requisite honors of biography. We are, indeed, conscious of a special proprietorial right in the affairs of great men. We do not mean to lose any chance of getting acquainted with personalities which have set their mark upon an age or an hour; and we prefer for the most part to use our own judgment as to what experiences or habits of theirs are really significant and characteristic. When all the materials have

been set before us we shall doubtless know how to go to work.

Unluckily for us, getting possession of all the facts of a private life is much like securing the privileges of a rubbish-heap. One may certainly pick about in it with a trifling chance of finding something worth putting in the attic, but the odds are unfavorable. Facts are not always trivial, but they are likely to be. Most straws do not show which way the wind blows, and, if it comes to statistics, most of the experiences of our lives are immaterial. They are facts, but they have no determinable relation to truth, and the recording of them is, strictly considered, an impertinence. It is for this reason that men of exceptional achievement so frequently resist the interviewer, deplore the notoriety of the "personal" newspaper column, and even pronounce against biography. Such a man may himself be uncertain as to what facts of his private experience bear upon the effective quality of his personality, and even his confidence may, as many autobiographies show, be sadly misplaced. By what miracle, then, is a stranger to solve these subtle problems? Surely it is safest, in default of any warrant of fair treatment, to lay claim to silence. In truth, even good biographers are prone to lapses into the impertinent or the merely circumstantial; and there are barbarous errors just beyond. It is one thing for the poet to count the hairs in his mistress's eyebrow, and another for the biographer, the interpreter of personality, to dwell with enthusiasm upon the details of a dentist's bill. One records a distressing passage, retained by the judgment of a filial biographer, about an eminent poet's treatment of his chilblains,—surely the last kind of thing a sensitive man (and he was among the most sensitive) would wish to have recorded of him. The indecorum of it would trouble his ghost less, perhaps, than the paltriness of it. We may have no theory that genius possesses immunity from chilblains or dentists, and yet very comfortably take those inflictions for granted. Nor need we, in order to be reasonably decent, subscribe to the

primitive creed that dead men need to be flattered. Dead men are, when all is said, a public possession; death itself has confirmed the title. Sooner or later, if a man proves to have been big enough, the world is going to have all accessible facts about him set before it. One of the most important functions of the biographer is to help determine what facts shall be generally inaccessible. At all events, if the world cannot be held to subtle points of delicacy, it can be balked of certain pruriences. Its final estimate of a man, in most instances just, is commonly arrived at by way of a multitude of errors in judgment and taste; fewer, we must believe, than they would have been without the offices of the judicious biographer.

The great dead are, at worst, a minority pretty honorably dealt with in the long run. There has never been a prevalent superstition about the duty of flattering live humans. They have been understood (majesty excepted) to stand in need of another sort of medicine. But if the independent citizen is due to speak right on, it is still possible for him to be somewhat scrupulous as to the plane of his speech. Most men, great and small, probably prefer the chances of a brutal curiosity to the certainty of a brutal indifference, and yet do not positively command brutality as an ideal. In America the daily press has bravely maintained the right of a people born free and easy to know the fact and to press it home upon whomever it may concern. Libelous or scandalous comments very readily take care of themselves, if not through legal proceedings, at least in the minds of the discreet. We get to know sufficiently well in what quarters to look for deliberate nastiness; and to make the necessary discount costs us no trouble. Against silliness and ineptitude we are not so well protected. If my neighbor asserts that I steal his chickens, I can have the law on him or not, according to the facts; but if he says I have a pet spaniel named for my favorite hero, and eat pie for breakfast, I am quite helpless against him. These items are expected to be of interest to

somebody, or they would not be chronicled; but if they happen to concern you or me, we need not be unduly uplifted or cast down. They do not absolutely prove our eminence; a little notoriety will serve their purpose just as well. The "personal" column is quite as attentive to the private habits and tastes of variety actresses, prize-fighters, and social exhibitors as to those of kings and prophets. It is, moreover, hardly an exaggeration to say that the more commonplace the recorded items are, the more acceptable they are to the general ear. It could not interest the public to know that Laura D——, the famous murderer, was from childhood queer, irritable, and dishevelled, and had a habit of brandishing a knife and screaming in the pauses of general conversation. It would interest the public extremely to learn that she was always calm, pleasant, orderly, slept in curl-papers, read the *Ladies' Domestic Twaddler*, and liked cats. These great ones, we reflect with relief, are not so different from the rest of us, after all. They have their moments of inspiration, but for the most part they remind us very much of ordinary citizens. We are indeed bound to them by their commonplaceness quite as firmly as by their genius.

If the bald statement of irrelevant facts about persons is to be deplored, it should be noted that bald statement is not the rule which governs the preparation of most personalia. Facts are given a turn this way and that, an inflection or a coloring really intended to determine their effect upon the reader's mind; so that, short of what is flatly calumnious and actionable, there remain weapons of all degrees of subtlety to be employed against those who stand in public places. Their use, at best, represents that free play of the general mind of which Arnold was always talking. It must be admitted, however, that their abuse is more common than

their use. The ebullient habit of modern satire has too often led to the distortion or defacement of objects which satire should be content with exhibiting in the light of a bland irony. In America we have frankly preferred to be crushing or uproarious rather than subtle or incisive. It does not seem that this preference has quite found a parallel elsewhere. If, for example, a certain prominent American now generally pilloried by us in cartoon and comment were Prime Minister of England, the obviousness of his incisors would doubtless be noted and made liberal use of by English journalists and caricaturists; but that item of physical chance would be made amusing without being made offensive. Gladstone's collar and Disraeli's hat were for years dangled before the eyes of the world; but it was not considered necessary to represent the collar as soiled or the hat as drunk and disorderly. Britons are not particularly backward in telling each other home truths, but they do appear to perceive a bound of decorum beyond which, without too great sacrifice of one's own dignity, one cannot pass. The point must not be pushed too far; it is difficult to get data for a just comparison. We have, for instance, no publication which we can fitly compare with *Punch*, which is peculiarly the organ of a well-bred class. In general, it seems true that the transatlantic palate is not quite so keen for satirical atrocities as ours. It wishes to see the victims flicked, not flayed; and it is aware that to be worth satirizing a man must be in some sense worthy of reverence. Taste has hitherto failed to prescribe a limit of personal illusion for us; we have our own notions of decency; naturally, they are not Greek notions, nor British ones. It is not by chance that "a personality" with us means a verbal assault rather more commonly than it means anything else.

On Household Interruptions Versus Literary Immortality

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

OH, the great poems that have dried up in brains because wives interrupted and children romped! Oh, the great plays that might have been written if the English public schools had not kept holiday and let loose a band of roystering boys! Oh, the novels and essays and epigrams that had added to the bulk of English literature if it had been a misdemeanor to speak to a writer at work!

The inscription in a ship's wheelhouse, "Do not speak to the man at the wheel," is always respected, and with reason, because if the steersman were to engage in racy conversation and became immersed in the recital of a story of his adventures when he was bo's'n's mate in '53, he might run the good ship on a rock in this present year of grace.

But would it avail aught for an author to paper his walls with such inscriptions as these: "Do not speak to papa when he is holding a pen," "Silence is golden; speech drives away silver," "All speech abandon ye who enter here," "Written words buy bread: talk and ye will become an-hungered," "Children should be neither seen nor heard in a study," "Dry up lest my thoughts give thee the hint," "The exits from this room are easy. Good-bye"? Think you that these inscriptions would avail anything? If so you have not balanced a pen in the cleft of the hand. The patter of little feet would still put to flight some of the most beautiful phrases that ever thought to adorn a page; the shrill yell of healthy boyhood would cause the only rhyme that was possible in a certain line to lose itself in that great thicket of words, English speech; the announcement by the goodwife that the butcher is at the door would cause an epigram to tumble heels out of your head and your pen would hasten to the ink well with that steady and purposeless recurrence that is the

surest indication of a drying process going on in the brain pan.

There are arid places in some of the world's greatest poems. The little feet that caused the aridity grew in time to man's size and marched manfully onward to the grave but the footprint of the child is laid forever on the verse. What more engaging than the warm clasp of tendril hands around one's neck and the whisper of baby words in the ear? But those tendril clasps have choked some of the finest bits of repartee out of literature and that baby prattle has dislodged words of wisdom fit to shine forever in a cluster of apothegms.

A well-turned essay, finely formed, gracefully wrought, full of feeling and humor and whimsical observation is a thing to cherish. A grocer's visit is a commonplace thing enough, yet how many grocers have caused an essay to fall from its high estate and become mere maundering because the question of what vegetables would be most appropriate for the expected guests put to flight a full half-page of witty wanderings.

Writers have killed some of their most valuable characters in a fit of spleen brought on by Geoffrey's request that his kite be mended, and in the generations that have followed, wise and motive-searching critics have said that "the killing of Ardsley Shovel so early in the novel showed a lamentable lack of artistic restraint," when Geoffrey and not the author was clearly responsible for the foul murder and consequent blot on the novelist's reputation.

Homer nodded. Was he not put to sleep by the questions of his children? It were well to consider this. Shelley and Keats and Gray have given us "fragments." And why were they not finished poems? Some local interruption, depend upon it, was responsible.

Thomas Hood in his "Parental Ode to My Infant Son" has frankly shown us the very places at which his son caused his thoughts to fall back and finally put them to rout, for when he said, "I cannot write unless he's sent above" it does not follow that the youthful Tom was despatched to upper apartments. As a child I used to think that this was a polite way of indicating that Hood wanted his son actually despatched to "kingdom come," but since I have become better acquainted with Hood's lovable character I have reached the conclusion that there were rooms in an upper story and the child was sent there in order to prevent the poet's own upper story from becoming tenantless. It is beyond peradventure of doubt that when "The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Song of the Shirt" were written Master Tom was either out walking or at school or on a visit.

It is true that some writers have risen superior to these interruptions. A writer of my acquaintance once wrote an entire sonnet and held a tired baby at the same time but the melancholy truth forces itself upon me that the sonnet is not pushing those of Wordsworth for first place. It may be that the baby who was thus nurtured at the expense of the sonnet will himself grow up to be a writer and will give to

the world something deathless, and in that case the mortal sonnet will have put off immortality that its direct descendant in literature might live, but the chances are against it.

I am not arguing that it were better for the world if there were no tendrils clasps, no pattering or pounding feet, no shrill cries and boyish ejaculations and laughter, no housewisely interruptions, no queries from order-getting grocers, for the world must live, and the steps of the children and the duties of wives and mothers adorn it as much as do its songs and tales; but the wise writer who is desirous of enriching the treasury of his mother tongue with immortal verse or ever-living tales, essays, and fables will do well to build him a retreat not known to his family. Let his evenings be given to the mending of kites and the reception of embraces and baby confidences and the good-fellowship of his life partner—even to the call from the grocer or the butcher, if these be on his calling list; but at break of day let him "brush with hasty steps the dews away" to reach his cavern of solitude, and there, undisturbed by fall of foot, or call of coster, or bawl of baby, let him pen such fancies as shall make the poems of Shelley look by contrast like "initial inklings of a tyro's brain."

The Riddle—Man or Woman?

By LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

AMONG the many popular fallacies whose age gives them a sort of stamp of respectability, there is perhaps none in more general use to-day than that of writing "Woman" with a question mark. That the "Eternal Feminine" is strange, mysterious, with ways and ideas which cannot be understood by mere masculine intellect, seems to be generally accepted as a fact; but upon what grounds? Why should writers take it for granted that men are all open books to women, while the ways

of femininity are utterly incomprehensible to man? Nine times out of ten the conclusion does not rest on any personal judgment or experience: it is simply a parrot-like repetition of ancient opinion, and at the very same time it is acknowledged that few women novelists, even the greatest, have succeeded in drawing really masculine men, while there is scarcely a male writer of any real note who has not given to the world at least one thoroughly feminine woman, good or bad.

Take Thackeray, for example. He seems to have been unable to refrain from giving his pencil a sort of vicious quirk, which adds to the feebleness of his good women that most unpleasant quality known as cattishness; but where will you find a more accurately drawn character than that brilliant, fascinating little schemer, Becky Sharp? Blanche Amory, too, is a genuine woman, however much one may dislike her, while Beatrix Esmond, vivid, complex, alive in every nerve and muscle of her beautiful body, is the dominating figure in "Henry Esmond," completely eclipsing the prosy, tiresome gentleman who has the title *rôle*.

On the other hand, Jane Austen understood her own sex thoroughly, but when she tried to draw a hero she often fell into the Slough of Priggishness. Edmund Bertram and Edward Ferrars, for instance, are unendurable, but there is no more delightful, adorable heroine in all fiction than witty, high-spirited Elizabeth Bennet, whose faults only make one love her all the more. Darcy and Wentworth are Jane Austen's best men, but as absolutely lifelike figures they cannot compare with Emma or Anne Elliot, far less with Elizabeth. Even among Miss Austen's eccentric characters Mr. Elton and Mr. Collins, accurately and carefully as they are drawn, are not as real as Mrs. Elton or Miss Bingley; and who is there fortunate enough not to know at least one woman with the inquisitive, dictatorial, self-satisfied vulgarity of Lady Catherine De Bourgh?

The king of historical novelists, Sir Walter Scott, frankly declared that he could not draw a hero. He has given us many men who are very much alive, and among them are widely different types of character. Louis XI., Rob Roy, Sir Dugald Dalgetty, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, Dominy Samson, have little in common, but each is vivid, distinct, human. These are his notable men, and in company with such living, breathing women as Di Vernon, Rebecca of York, and Julia Mannering, they are known and admired by thousands of readers; but who cares or re-

members much about Harry Bertram, Francis Osbaldestone, or Ivanhoe?

The Slough of Priggishness is not the only peril in the path of the woman writer who tries to create a hero; the Pit of Femininity is quite as dangerous. Even that "woman with the brain of a man," George Eliot, was not always able to keep out of it.

Ladislaw is as much—if not more—woman as man. Tito Melema and Philip both have a certain amount of the female element, while Daniel Deronda is a combination of woman and prig.

But now turn to George Eliot's gallery of women's portraits. Good and bad, Rosalind and Dorothea, Romola and Gwendoline, Milly Barton, Maggie and the Countess, each and every one is a genuine, breathing woman. We love or hate them as we do people we know well and meet every day. Among her minor characters some of George Eliot's male sketches have a photographic accuracy. Mr. Irwine, Mr. Tuliver, Mr. Brooke, and Bartle Massey, for example. And yet, with all their human quality, are any of them quite as delightfully real to us as Mrs. Poyser,—or Mrs. Cadwallader "whose feeling toward the vulgar rich was a sort of religious hatred"?

Of present-day writers it behooves one to speak warily and respectfully. Judging from those simple statements of fact, publishers' announcements, the greatest novels ever written have been produced during the past few years. Hundreds of "brilliant," "dramatic," "sparkling," "exquisitely tender," and "remarkably powerful" books have appeared—and vanished. Writers who "combine the wit of Thackeray and the poetry of Hawthorne," are numerous, according to the above-mentioned authorities, as the sands of the sea, and the number of those who have received the title of "only successor to" Dumas or George Eliot, who can estimate? It is probably because we have at present so very many great novelists that their books are forgotten with such remarkable rapidity. If there were fewer writers with "a marvellous delicacy of percep-

tion which reminds one of Jane Austen at her best," some of their heroines might become as famous as Elizabeth Bennet. So, with the humbleness and modesty which befit when dealing with these dignitaries, let us gently say that the writers of to-day draw women as well as they do men, and let it go at that. It is useless to go into details about characters which are well known to-day and will be completely forgotten by next week.

On the whole, does it not seem rather

foolish to divide humanity in two and label one half of it "Incomprehensible"? Is it not human nature whose ways are mysterious, often startling?—human nature, which only the greatest, those before whose eyes the mist which to most of us veils and distorts the world, has been partly lifted, can see justly? Is it not, in short, the "Eternal Human" which should be followed by a question mark, instead of merely the "Eternal Feminine"?

To Be (or Not to Be) Some Day

By ANNE WARNER

THE future (pretty far in the future) great American playwright (ess) has asked a few pointers as to a few points and received a little thesis, viz.—this:

Remember that the public will not *listen*—they must *see*—and you must make them *feel*. You can use a chapter in a book to describe what on the stage you must say in two words.

Yours awhile,
K—le B—w.

She knit (her brows) assiduously for some time after, and then applied herself to her pen and her pen to her paper with this result:

THE GRAY, THE BLUE, AND THE BLUES
(TRAGO-DRAMA IN TWO ACTS)

ACT I.—A battle-field. Scene to be seen—cannon, blood, fights, fists, fury, a fainting soldier. A soldier staggers in from left and down to right, falls sideways, and comes up face to the other. One wears a blue uniform and the other a gray; but if the two men are about the same size it does n't matter which wears which. The sun is just beginning to set. The dying soldier raises himself a little and points at his throat. The fainting soldier unties the other's tie. The D. S. shakes his head, gasps, strangles, and pulls up a locket.

Dying soldier—"Take it—take it—to—" (dies). The fainting soldier (oh,

by the way, the sun is about half down) takes the locket and looks at it—he turns it over (if he is a good actor he may turn it over several times while pins drop in the audience)—at last he puts it in his pocket. Then he takes it out (soft music and the curtain ready to drop), opens it, looks—starts up—looks again—shrieks,

"Great Scott, my wife!" (great precision as to the accent to prevent any misconception as to whether the locket holds Scott or the wife), falls flat.

The sun and the curtain go solemnly down together.

ACT II.—The festivities for the home-coming. Specialties. Songs and dances. Scene drawn out ad libitum. The soldier's home-coming. He embraces his wife coldly. There is a shadow. "My God, John, of what do you suspect me?"—"You shall know all." He draws forth the locket. He shows it to the wretched woman. She opens it, stares, frowns, tries to remember, at last she screams in utter joy, "My good-for-nothing uncle Thomas!" and flings herself upon his neck.

Complete reconciliation.

(If it is desired to weave a villain into this pastoral drama, let him appear in the left back just as the husband and wife face front, and say in deep chest tones,

"But *was* he her uncle Thomas?
Ha—ha!"

This last bit will throw the true Ibsen aroma over the whole thing, and if properly managed in the outset may

work up as much advertising as the famous "Is Marriage a Failure?"

Respectfully submitted to The Syndicate.

Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow

DEAR BELINDA,

The reason why April has ceased to be the month specially for simpletons is that there is such an increasing number of fools about. It being impossible to find time to attend to all of them, the April custom has dropped out, and simpletons are now made use of in other ways. Simpletons have their uses without a doubt. In one of Mrs. Craigie's plays is an amusing passage something as follows: "There is a tremendous demand for simpletons—old school, white muslin, rose behind the ear, a bit of black velvet round the throat, no past, no future, and Heaven our home." A few weeks ago a publisher who believes in large sales published a book entitled "With the Simple-hearted." This publisher believes no doubt that there is a large public for such a work, and there should be. Indeed, have we not had rubbed into us by the strenuous Roosevelt a certain primer of the Simple Life, telling us that we must escape from the thraldom of our possessions? I read a story a few days ago of a family who suddenly revealed to their neighbors that they intended to live the simple life. They gave up smoking and drinking, they refused invitations to Bridge parties, and they went to bed at seven o'clock without any dinner. Friends who called to see these rigorous followers of Tolstoi found that the grand piano had gone, and that instead of a Turkey carpet there were a few seedy-looking rugs on the floor. In order to lead the simple life and be simple people you must get rid of all superfluities, said these Spartan folk, and so they took turns at doing the washing up and the cooking. The real fact was they had their furniture on the hire system,

and as they could not pay the rent it was taken away. Necessity is the mother and father of the simple life.

But April has for many years been the month of the primrose as well as of the fool and of the "April baby." From the primrose it is not a far cry to Lord Beaconsfield. In due course *The Times* will inform us that the Life of Beaconsfield will be issued as a *feuilleton* in its pages, which will be a sad drop from the dignity with which publishers have hitherto endeavored, and successfully in most cases, to present great lives of great men. This is a growl, and a reasonable growl, against the representatives of the Disraeli family for consenting to have the life of a great man exploited in weekly chapters in the pages of a newspaper. What was Disraeli's real connection with the primrose? Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's two new volumes of "Diary" * contain many delightful stories amusing and interesting, and among the interesting ones is a fragment of conversation wherein Lord Pembroke quotes Disraeli as having once said, "I like to be in the country when the primroses are out." This is a fresher quotation for the present month than Browning's well-worn lines:

O to be in England
Now that April's here!

Many people no longer wish to be in England "now that April's here." They would rather re-read those lines:

O to be in Florence
Now that April's here!

Sir Mountstuart Duff tells some good stories of Browning. This is one of them. A lady, well known in London

and still living, was taken down to dinner by a gentleman who was a stranger to her. Presently he asked if she knew who he was. "No," she replied, "I did not catch your name when we were introduced." "Oh," said her companion, "I am Mr. Browning, the poet, some of whose works I dare say you have read." "Yes," replied the other, "you wrote 'The Jackdaw of Rheims,' did you not?" When Faber the divine was in his last illness he asked those around him how he was. "Very ill indeed," was the reply. "Then you had better," the sick man rejoined, "order the prayers for the dying to be read." "No," answered the person to whom he spoke; "I think you will live four-and-twenty hours." "Oh, in that case," rejoined Faber, "read me 'Pickwick.'" "Shall I meet you at Bridgewater House to-morrow?" was the mild question put to an American lady. "No," was the reply, "I regret to say that I do not know Mrs. Bridgewater." Some one suggesting that a certain American young lady should marry a Duke, the question arose, what dukes were available, Mr. Lyulph Stanley asking, "When an American is desirous of sacrificing a daughter, is there always an English Duke caught in a thicket?" The first qualification of a Minister is "the power of sleeping on the Treasury Bench." A good Parliamentary whip is a man who can "say like a gentleman what no gentleman would say." A discussion took place as to what are the two finest lines in the language. Dean Boyle said that it would be hard to beat two by Wordsworth—

The light that never was, on sea or land;
The consecration and the poet's dream.

Mr. Gladstone thought another line of Wordsworth the finest, or one of the finest, "Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn." Tennyson thought his best line to be, "Coldly on the dead volcano sleeps the gleam of dying day." A capable critic has said that Jean Ingelow's lines, "A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath than thy sonnes wife Elizabeth," are unmatched. Milton's line, "The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng," is a line which has lived longer

than any of those I have quoted, and probably will survive them all. Schoolboys of another generation well remember reading Macaulay's magnificent passage upon Milton (to be found in the chapter upon "The State of England in 1685"):

A mightier poet, tried at once by pain, danger, poverty, obloquy, and blindness, meditated undisturbed by the obscene tumult which raged all around him, a song so sublime and so holy that it would not have misbecome the lips of those ethereal Virtues whom he saw, with that inner eye which no calamity could darken, flinging down on the jasper pavement their crowns of amaranth and gold.

Sir Mountstuart Duff quotes on page 354 of his first volume a fine epitaph to Robert Peacham, an English Catholic, which may certainly be read in connection with these remarks upon fine passages and happy phrasing.

When Carlyle died, in 1881, the editor of a great newspaper exclaimed as soon as he heard the news, "Thank God, he has died in time for the outer sheet!" Many of the best stories in Sir Mountstuart Duff's volumes must be credited to Mr. Frederick Leveson Gower, who is about to publish his reminiscences. One of Mr. Leveson Gower's stories is of a man who, valuing himself much upon his cellar, said to a friend: "Well, how do you like my '34 port?" and received the flattering reply: "I think it quite as good as what I pay 36 for." African Croesus to a friend: "This house is a great deal too large to be merely a number in the street, it ought to have a name of its own. What shall I call it?" "Well, replied the other, after a pause, "why should n't you call it Dunrobin?" African Croesus: "Yes, that's a very good name but after all I don't think it will do. I am not going out of business yet." A German in despair at the difficulties of English pronunciation said that we wrote *caoutchouc*, and read it *gutta-percha*. This is much the same as the foreigner who gave up the study of our language on being told that the Mikado was "pronounced a decided success." A stranger was at a wayside inn and a man came and asked for a glass of "Mother-in-law." The bar-

maid handed one to him, which he drank. When he had gone the stranger turned to her and said, "What is mother-in-law?" "Stout and bitter," was the reply. While speaking of local names for things at a certain town in Suffolk, Sir Mountstuart Duff tells us that the country people always address each other as "Bore"—"Bore, good morning." "Is that you, Bore?" Sir Mountstuart supposes that this mode of address is a contraction of the word "Neighbor." In this connection there is, in M. D'Humières' book just issued, "Through Isle and Empire," an amusing chapter upon "comparative manners." In China, where one should ask another, "How are your illustrious consort and your flourishing offspring?" the other is bound to answer in such words as "the unspeakable hulk that serves me as a mattress and her verminous litter are I thank you in the enjoyment of a regrettable good health."

Lord Wolseley once remarked to the late Queen that some people now doubted whether Shakespeare had written his own plays. "Oh, don't talk to me about that," she replied, "that was Lord Palmerston's nonsense." Here one may interject a valuable fragment of conversation which Sir Mountstuart preserves. Sir Theodore Martin pressed the argument that, as the great poet was surrounded by intensely jealous rivals, it was inconceivable that not one of his contemporaries should ever have hinted a suspicion of his not having written the plays which we accept as his. A Scotch medical Professor, who was very fond of using his blackboard

for announcements of all kinds, chalked upon it an intimation to his class that he had just been made Physician to the Queen. Some one, before the notice was erased, added the words, "God save the Queen!" An Englishman, stopping at a well-known junction in Scotland, called out to his companion on the platform, "Is n't this invigorating?" "Na," said a railway porter who was passing, "it's Inveramsay." The Eighth Lord Shaftesbury, vainly attempting to cut a pencil in which the lead continually broke, exclaimed, "D—the pencil!" but perceiving that one of his sons was present, saved the situation by adding, "That is what your poor grandfather (the good Seventh Earl) would have said." A little girl being asked by a Bishop the meaning of the commination replied, "Please, sir, a chemise and drawers in one piece." A witty American, asked by his neighbors at dinner the name of a very *décolleté* Russian who sat opposite, replied: "Oh, don't you know? She is the Countess Chemisoff *née* Alloff." The same person was asked if he knew the Vanderbilts. "No," he replied; "when I was there they were only Vanderbuilding." A lady told Lord Palmerston that her maid, who had been with her in the Isle of Wight, objected to going thither again because the climate was not *embracing* enough. "What am I to do with such a woman?" she asked. "You had better take her to the Isle of Man next time," said Lord Palmerston.

Your friend,

ARTHUR PENDENYS.

LONDON, April, 1905.



The Editor's Clearing House

The Place of Digestion in Literature

We cannot be sure that St. Paul had the digestive organs in mind when he wrote of "warring members"—he may well have meant them; if ever there is a time when the "flesh warreth against the spirit" it is during an onslaught of indigestion.

The action of the liver upon religious belief is generally recognized; the formative influence of pie and doughnuts upon the New England conscience cannot be over-estimated; it is not strange, therefore, that a force which is potent to turn an amiable man into a cynic, to spoil the temper of a saint, to wreck domestic happiness, and cause a man to doubt of his soul's salvation should have left its traces upon literature. When one turns to biography, however, one finds the most trivial incidents of a man's life, the petty loves and hates, dwelt upon as influencing his career, while this great factor, his digestive endowment, is but lightly mentioned, if not passed over altogether.

Irving recognized this pivot of the moral nature: the excessive fat of the Dutch aldermen was, he argued, a spiritual necessity; since it is only when the stomach, that seat of the lower nature is provided with abundant employment that an undistracted mind, "a heart at leisure from itself," is secured for the conduct of official matters.

It is not to pose that one turns first to observe the action of the digestion: the writings of Darwin and Huxley (both eminent dyspeptics) are chiefly scientific, a result of the workings of the mind rather than the soul, and hence do not reflect their writers' digestive unhappiness; it is in poetry that this influence is most distinctly visible, for poetry, far more than prose, is an expression of the soul, the "effluence and aroma of a personality."

One recognizes at a glance the poets who were blest with inner peace: Chaucer, with his childlike joyousness, had no touch of the dyspeptic's woe—did he not pity the clerk of Oxenford who "looked holwe" and his horse "as lene as is a rake"? And Herrick also,—Herrick whose Jocund Muse presided over the mighty potations of Sack, whose Epithalamiums and Odes even to the May morning are not untouched by cheerful reminiscences of the trencher,—Herrick, like Diedrich Knickerbocker, believed the freedom of the soul was secured by

"Keeping the barking stomach wisely quiet
More with a neat then needful diet."

On the other hand, the stern asceticism which overtook Dr. Donne in middle life, the grimness of his religious belief, argue the presence of dyspepsia in a severe form; Donne's very figures of speech would indicate this—are not seizures of wickedness "annotating cramps"?

Utterly different in temperament from Herrick and Dr. Donne was Spenser, by no means the "valiant trencherman" that Herrick showed himself when Sir Clipseby Crewe provided the opportunity, yet in all the dreamy loveliness of his verse he was in no way oblivious to the bane or blessing of diet: observe the marked emphasis and important position given to the kitchen in his House of Temperance; the steward whom Spenser armed with the rod of authority, was he not

"hight Diet; rype of age
And in demenure sober and in counsell sage"?

Appetite was only allowed to marshall the guests, all was under the direction of Diet, and Digestion was "kitchen clerk." Spenser, one would conclude, had had just enough digestive experience to enable him to reason of temperance, righteousness, and judgment to come, in a way that never would have occurred to Chaucer or Herrick.

Shakespeare is so purely objective that it is difficult to guess at his own digestive endowment—he could have had no serious trouble, however, or there would have been pity for "yon Cassius" with his "lean and hungry look," instead of suspicion.

A benefice of the inner man shines through the gentle Elia's writing; how appreciative is the essay on Roast Pig! A dish which Pope or Carlyle could have told him

"leaves the heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
An aching forehead and a parching tongue."

Wordsworth's "Prelude" and his "Excursion" breathe the serenity of a great spirit—the serenity also of a placid and well-intentioned digestion. Suppose the great nature-poet had followed Byron's example (as, for instance, on that occasion when he fasted for forty-eight hours and then filled the aching void with several good-sized lobsters and unlimited champagne), could he have reflected

every mood of Nature "as the sea the sky"
and found his soul

"—obedient as a lute
That waits upon the touches of the wind"?

I trow not! We should have noticed a rift
within the lute, a ruffling of

"that calm existence which is mine
When I am worthy of myself."

And if we look in Byron for the result of his diet, we do not have far to seek. It might be too much to say that all of Byron's unhappiness was the result of differences with his digestion, but no one who reads the advertisements can doubt for a moment that if Lady Byron had begun by feeding him on Nostrum Serial and Candied Excelsior or "Gripe-knots" much evil could have been averted. In his poetry we find precisely what we should expect, a turbulence of imagination—"plenty of passions run to seed"; in short, the lobsters and champagne are "bodied forth."

In Poe, as in Byron, there is a corresponding riotousness and disorder of the imagination and of the diet. Although Poe, unfortunately, was accustomed rather to suffer lack than abound, digestive disturbances results from one cause as from the other; his "Raven," with its "nevermore," is precisely the poem which might result either from enforced abstinence, or from dining "not wisely, but too well."

"No one knows," wrote Mrs. Carlyle, who speaks as one having authority—"no one knows what a philosopher Mr. Carlyle would have been if he had had a better digestion." But since Carlyle's well known affliction made philosophy impossible, we find him an iconoclast and a reformer, urged on, doubtless, by his very digestive ills to do valiant battle against cant and sham wherever he found them. In fact, this combativeness we have noticed in Carlyle is a symptom almost invariably present in literary dyspeptics —there is a tendency to quarrel with the world if there is no more specific object of wrath; this symptom is noticeable in Byron, in Poe, in poor misanthropic Pope; it is slightly present in Shelley, and Huxley recognized in Mr. Gladstone's articles just the stimulus he needed for his erring liver.

The literary importance of digestion has been but glanced at. It is a subject which affords a wide field for profitable study. Dr. Gould, in his recent "Biographic Clinics," has taken a step in the right direction which it is hoped biographers will follow. He diagnoses

his subjects; he traces all of the dyspeptic woe of Darwin and Huxley and Carlyle, Browning's headaches and De Quincey's ill-health, to astigmatism reacting upon the head or stomach, as the case might be. It is not given to a headache to disturb the spiritual balance; Browning's sturdy optimism was proof against such attacks, and De Quincey did not take to opium until the pain in his stomach began; but when the digestion goes astray, however tempted from the path of rectitude we may look for spiritual consequences. The literary artist of the future will consider the work that Pegasus has to do, and diet him accordingly.

FRANCES DUNCAN.

Verbal Compromise

There is a truth, almost equal to that uttered by the famous man who said that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

A pain, or a sin, by some obscurer name, won't hurt as much. In medicine and in morals, *par excellence*, there is to be observed this verbal compromise.

Spend a month at a hotel, summer or winter, pass the inevitable part of the day on the piazza, or in the parlor among the rocking-chair portion of femininity, and you will quickly come to realize what can be done by a careful choice of words.

One lady, whose nerves had reached that state of collapse that rendered it impossible for her to be still for two consecutive minutes, one morning surveyed the Society for the Exchange of Symptoms, and said, "Do you know that my doctor tells me that I have the most highly sensitive organism of any woman he ever met?" And from her smile I knew that she would not exchange her nerves for all the health of Mary Baker G. Eddy.

When this little woman's physician dispenses tact on his own prescription I propose to be among the first to order some of his capsules.

Another day the society was discussing pain. A red-faced woman, hitherto silent, rose to the occasion. "Suffering?" she queried, almost fiercely. "Why when I was in the hospital last spring, my doctor, you all know Dr. —, the great character student, he said to me, 'Mrs. Smith, you are as much of a heroine as Grant was a hero!'"

The man who tells his patient that she has rheumatism when she boasts a gouty ancestry is truly unwise. And the placid

endurance of an ill which the patient believes to have been handed down by aristocratic forbears is marvellous to behold.

A hotel, famed for its healing waters, gives ample ground for the observation of this weakness of humanity. "How are you, old chap? What brings you here?" And the limping individual cheerfully makes answer, "Oh, my high-flying ancestors, — them!"

And at the table, a pale lady, whose diamonds outnumber her teeth, raises her hands in protest if you pass her a sweet. "My dear, I can't touch them! I am *full* of gout, and my doctor forbids! I suffer, unfortunately," she avers, with a wan yet proud smile, "for the sins of my ancestors!" I wondered silently if this suffering blue-blood would have exploited these same sins, had they transmitted cancer and worse?

No, the successful doctor must veil disease under its most flattering names, and reserve calling a spade a spade for the wards of the hospital.

To many a woman the horror of appendicitis is presently mitigated in the transforming thought that it is the malady of the hour. Not to have had it is to be out of date, and is somewhat humiliating to the invalid with social aspirations.

How fatal it would be to call a woman's attack of nervous prostration by what is frequently its right name, "bad temper" and "lack of self-control"! Such women even go so far as to refer to themselves as "nervous prostrates." And once admitted to that category they must be pampered for the rest of their lives.

Relatives obey, and strangers submit to them. Should one of them be rude, blunt, tired, energetic, languid, or noisy, it is "her nerves, poor thing," and must be forgiven.

Take the case of a woman suffering intense pain in one of her fingers. Her doctor spent

some time in examining the joint, but said nothing. "Is it rheumatism?" she asked after patiently waiting for his decree.

"No, Mrs. —. It looks more like a case of sciaticum digitalis (or Latin to that effect), 'not dangerous, but interesting'."

Much elated, and with the pain in abeyance, she left that office a stronger and a prouder woman. From the beginning of creation (supposing Eve to have had a physician) the woman and the doctor have been of mutual benefit to each other. And, in all probability, until time and tonics shall be no more, the dictum of *her* doctor will be *her* creed.

Again, in morals. How delightful it is to carry to our work a spade that cannot be recognized as a spade! How we admire the penetration of the friend who refers to our bad temper as a "high-strung disposition," to our biting tongue as "repartee," and to our carelessness as "charming irresponsibility!"

While from the pulpit we listen with unanimity to the condemnation of envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness, theft, murder, and all uncleanness, should the preacher denounce the lives of his hearers who are robbers, oppressors, drunkards, and followers of the Scarlet Woman, by their real names, what would be the result? Moody could have filled halls three times the size of those in which he preached, and yet he never dressed a sin in silk. How lightly we acquit the man who has steeped himself in every form of vice, by hastily classifying him as a degenerate! The very utterance of the word seems to close the matter, in stripping him of any moral responsibility.

It would appear, therefore, that verbal compromise is a two-sided thing. In medicine, it benefits mankind. In morals, it fools him every time.

EDITH HARMAN BROWN.

Books Reviewed—Fact and Fiction

Missions and commerce are the two greatest links of communication between the traditional division of the world into "Orient" and "Occident," which, in the fusion of civilizations, is rapidly vanishing. In these later years, mission enterprise * being less an affair

of creed than of humanity, the active directing agents are, to an increasing degree, laymen. Mr. Speer does not belong to "the clergy," albeit a traveller, student, and leader in zeal and devotion to the missionary cause. He looks broadly and with penetration into the causes and trend of the great movements by which history is being made and the world reshaped. In his view,

* "Missions and Modern History." By ROBERT E. SPEER. 2 vols. Revell. \$4.00.

Christianity is the great disturbing force in the systems cramped and crusted by tradition. In the teachings of the greatest of teachers, he sees the indestructible germ of a higher life bursting all pods and rinds in order to release new and higher forms of life. Assembling the witnesses, not only from books, but from the living natives of the old lands, whom he has met and talked with, he tells the story of his black, yellow, and white brothers who struggle to be free. The Tai Ping "rebellion," the Indian "mutiny," the Bab upheaval, carry us to China, India, and Persia. In Latin America, in Africa, in the new India of the reformers, in the Tong Hak "insurrection," in the Boxer "uprising," we see humanity struggling to realize itself. Whatever name we give to these movements, whether "success" or "failure" be the verdicts which, judging from phenomena or reasoning from our prejudices, we pass, they are in their essence, what the glorious revolution of 1579 in the Netherlands, of 1688 in England, of 1776 in America mean,—"the steady gain of man." Mr. Speer treats of Japan, Armenia, the coming of the Slav, and the going of the Spaniard, with abundant quotation and testimony, showing how truly missions form part of the world's movement. The matter projected for three volumes was, by the cunning of printer's type, compressed into a brace. Had time, patience, and the file of Horatius been kept busy, this work could have been made a classic compelling as reader even the busy and usually unconcerned average man. It is a real contribution to the history of our own times, an illumination to the student of the "world to come,"—on earth.

Dr. Seaman is a medical expert who knows all about the "war-broken soldier." * He tells us how we—not American science or philanthropy, but an obsolete system that puts the killer so far in honor above the healer—lost thousands in the Spanish-American war, or seven-tenths of the sick soldiers, where the Japanese lose a percentage easily counted on the fingers of one hand and with one or two digits to spare. Breezy, readable in the first degree, his book is a story of personal adventure flavored with science and a criticism of our methods which is as capsicum in curry. It is spicy and, like red pepper, is calculated less to irritate than to stimulate. His book to the reviewer, who remembers with eyesight and memories of

disease-stricken thousands, a Japan without one dispensary or hospital—until the Christian missionary from America came—is like a fairy tale. It thrills while it informs, though silent as to how the Japanese became the modern lords of hygiene and surgery.

WM. ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

In reviewing Mr. Duncan's "Dr. Luke of the Labrador," a few months since, it was predicted in these pages that the literature relating to that barren land Labrador in Literature. would grow apace. Never was vaticination more promptly verified! At least two works of fiction dealing with life in Labrador appeared almost immediately; and two of fact, and one in which fact and fiction are inextricably intermingled, have just been laid before the public. As already explained, many of the incidents in "Dr. Luke" were based on personal experiences related to the author by his friend, Dr. Grenfell, though the story as a whole bore no relation whatever to the life of the latter. And now, though the Doctor himself has written a book * in which the deep-sea fishermen of Labrador and the North Sea are described by one who knows them to the core, he has chosen to tell the story in the form of fictitious autobiography, two fishermen being the ostensible narrators, one an Englishman, the other a native of the American coast. The title is doubly significant; for the book treats of two harvests, one physical, the other of the spirit. While the crews of the trawlers are earning a precarious livelihood with their nets, the fishers of men are busy in the midst of them, reaping a harvest of souls. Dr. Grenfell tells of this missionary work on the North Sea, and of the medical service there, in which the famous surgeon, Sir Frederick Treves, was the pioneer; but his account does not come down to the recent sinking of a number of the fishing boats, as well as the hospital and mission ship, by the frightened Russian warships. The author is one of the most modest, as well as one of the noblest, of men, and the reader would never suspect, from what he tells of the Labrador fisher folk, that his coming amongst them has wrought a miracle in the improvement of the conditions amid which they live.

While modesty ties this hero's tongue, there is nothing to deter others from giving him credit for the splendid work he has done;

* "From Tokio through Manchuria." By LOUIS L. SEAMAN, M.D. vol. Illustrated. Appleton. \$1.50.

* "The Harvest of the Sea: A Tale of Both Sides of the Atlantic." By WILFRID T. GREENFELL. Revell. Illustrated. \$1.00 net.

and in "Dr. Grenfell's Parish" * the story of his deeds is told with picturesque detail by his friend and admirer, Norman Duncan. Happy the man of action who has an historian so skilled in the use of the pen! The achievements of this Oxford athlete turned missionary by hearing a sermon of Moody's, may appear insignificant in his own sight, but in the imagination of his friend they assume their true proportions; and by his literary gift Mr. Duncan opens the eyes of the least imaginative to the significance of the work he describes. This work is three-fold; for Dr. Grenfell is not only a preacher and teacher of the word, and a skilful surgeon trained under the eye of Sir Frederick Treves at London Hospital,—he is an organizer and administrator as well, the founder of three hospitals, five co-operative stores, and of a circulating library with more than a score of branches. In summer he sails up and down the coast and among the fishing fleets in his hospital and mission steamship, *Strathcona*; in winter he goes his rounds by sledge. His aim is to get at men's hearts by way of their bodies; and in this he is wise in his generation. For some months past he has been explaining his needs to the people of this country, and raising funds for the better equipment of his hospitals and libraries. Soon he will be back among his own people, glad to exchange the crowded and overheated rooms of civilization for the fogbound waters of his vast "parish."

There is a fascination about this rough, inclement region that others than Dr. Grenfell have felt; and "The Lure of the Labrador Wild" † has drawn less hardy and experienced adventurers to a land that would repel all but one in a thousand. It was this that enticed Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., and his friend, Dillon Wallace, to an exploring expedition in the heart of the far-off, bleak peninsula—an expedition that brought direst hardship to them and their sole companion. They accomplished something in the way of discovery, but were disappointed in their main intention; and Hubbard's untimely death added another to the long list of tragedies for which the lure of the far north is responsible. The story is admirably told by Mr. Wallace with the collaboration of Mr. F. B. Copley. Much greater achievements have been recorded than find a place in these pages; but seldom has a story of hardship bravely

* "Dr. Grenfell's Parish." By NORMAN DUNCAN. Illustrated. Revell. \$1.00 net.

† "The Lure of the Labrador Wild." By DILLON WALLACE. Illustrated. Revell. \$1.50 net.

endured been told so movingly. The episode of the abandonment of the leader of the party is one of the most pathetic in the literature of adventure.

J. B. G.

It is now well-known that Mrs. Ward has again mingled fact with fiction in drawing

Mrs. Ward's Latest Semi-Historical Novel. her inspiration for "The Marriage of William Ashe,"* from the story of Lady Caroline and Mr. William Lamb, who afterwards

became Lord Melbourne. It seems a pity that a writer who has proved herself so eminently able to depend on her own imagination should create bounds for it in borrowing from history.

William Ashe, while a stronger character than many of the men hitherto drawn by Mrs. Ward, in being true to Lord Melbourne fails to elicit the reader's sympathy for himself. In the earlier part of the story he is too utterly careless of his wife's behavior, too negligent of the duty of trying to influence her, and later on, when she has exasperated him beyond endurance, he too readily forgets his earlier carelessness.

With Lady Caroline Lamb fresh in one's mind, it is possible to understand Lady Kitty, but to the uninitiated she seems more minx than mad, and her brilliancy to consist in her facility in chattering French, which, with physical thinness, is becoming the hall-mark of Mrs. Ward's heroines. In this case also, the exigencies of history seem to have hampered Mrs. Ward. Had Lady Kitty's madness been more insisted on in the early part of the story, it would have been impossible to take her seriously as a fictional heroine, and as her behavior passes the limits of mere liveliness, she seems at times vixenish. Had she not risen from the ashes of Lady Caroline Lamb she might have been a fascinating madcap. As it is, she makes one feel, in reading the book, is if caught in a whirlwind that will not stop whirling.

An interesting and clever whirlwind it is, no doubt, and of the very highest rank. The rank, indeed, of the whole personnel is so high that nothing but a novel dealing exclusively with crowned heads could better it. They are the richest, the best-born, the most highly placed of mortals: Prime Ministers, State Secretaries, Deans, and other dignitaries abound. The one thing they lack is humor. Had they not all taken Lady Kitty's pranks

* "The Marriage of William Ashe." By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. Harper. \$1.50.

in such deadly earnest, she would probably have played fewer of them. One cannot help sympathizing with her desire to shock some of the portentously dignified people who formed her *entourage*.

Some of the minor characters might well have been more fully developed. Mrs. Alcott, for instance, gives promise of interesting revelation, and Darrell, who appears only occasionally, is an exceedingly true and well-drawn specimen. Cliffe is an excellent villain, though almost too melodramatic. The political atmosphere that one has learned to expect in Mrs. Ward's work is, as usual, pervasive, though there is less of actual politics than in some of her books.

The story is sure to be read to the finish by any one who begins it, and will be laid down with the feeling that one has been mixing in "the best society in Europe."

The last part is perhaps the best. The meeting between William Ashe and his wife, and her subsequent death, are most touchingly recounted, without sentimentalism or straining of probabilities. In spite of its lack of humor the book is never dull. It carries one along vigorously, and while regretting that Mrs. Ward has become semi-historical, it must be admitted that perhaps no contemporary novelist could write as brilliantly and surely of the life and manners of the circle that she has chosen to depict.

C. HARWOOD.

Into the Human Comedy, after a clever genealogical prologue, Mr. Howard Overying Sturgis * introduces a shrinking figure, physically crippled, mentally warped, morally drugged by heredity. Sainty had "started in life without that crowning gift—wanting which all effort is paralyzed,—a good conceit of himself. And in fact, except for the gewgaw of his rank, which sat on him as uneasily as a suit of his ancestral armour, he had not much that would win him consideration from the people among whom his lot was cast. From his father he inherited his feeble constitution, his irresolution, and want of moral courage, from his mother her shallow complexion and lack of charm, her reserve and shyness, and the rigid conscience which a long line of Covenanting ancestors had passed down to her, and which in him, who had none of their counterbalancing force of character, tended always to become morbid."

Sainty is, moreover, a coward, and totally

* "Belchamber." By HOWARD OVERING STURGIS. Putnam, \$1.50.

unfitted to play the part of Marquis and Earl of Belchamber, to which destiny assigns him. Almost a sexless creature, he drifts feebly down the turbid stream of smart society. Here and there the reader feels that his flaccid acceptance of dishonor, his patient endurance of Cissy's lack of moral compass, are, except by feminine conception of the stuff of which heroes are made, beyond the nature of man; but if you re-read the analysis of Sainty's ancestry, the conclusion seems only pitilessly logical.

Throughout this admirably well-written book you are conscious of what Mr. Shaw calls "freedom from emotional slop." It is no story for sentimentalists nor for those who shrink from the irony of life. Unpleasantly frank, it may be read safely by the young person. Cissy is a type of selfish little animal, drawn with deft strokes. No time is wasted on her; and her fate is inevitable and leaves one cold. In such as find alluring the society of ladies of the chorus, the supper given to Cynthia de Vere by Arthur Chambers will rouse no desire to be delightfully wicked. It is true that Claude Morland, consummate villain, engaging cad, irresistible conqueror of susceptible woman, does not meet with the conventional deserts. He is, moreover, one of the few cheerful people in the book and is, at least, agreeable company. But there is impress of the importance of his consistent lightness of heart and of the tight rein he holds over his emotions. And here, after all, is less a novel with a purpose than a draught of life, to be taken as such, without the necessity of finding "the moral pill."

It is with Sainty that the reader is occupied. Step by step he is buffeted, derided, misunderstood, coerced, deceived. Where he stands struggling to keep above water, the tide of inheritance and circumstance rises and submerges him. He is, one may say, a negative type of decadent, a cripple devoid of philosophical courage or of even some unhappy secret vanity. Temptation fills him only with vague horror. Even his capacity for suffering is blunted; and as the book ends, abruptly, with a gray future stretching interminable into the distance, there is a curious feeling of pity, and but little sympathy, for the bitterness of Sainty's life. A victim not so much of destiny as of malignant heredity, he becomes a witness, for our hardened religious consciences, to the wreaking of the threat in the Decalogue as to the "sins of the fathers."

WITTER BYNNER.

It requires a long stretch of credulous imagination to believe that such a child as Pam* at ten ever existed, and at times the "Without Benefit of Clergy." story seems not only impossible but absurd. Nevertheless it has a magnetic quality which makes its characters stand out in high relief as real personages; in spite of the grotesqueness of some of the situations, there is more than one tug at the heart-strings as the plot develops.

It is never safe to say that characters in fiction could not have existed. Not improbably the Baroness von Hutten has treated us to a page from her own childhood, as far as Pam's temperament is concerned, and has concentrated in a few chapters the precocity of many years, until it reads abnormal. However, that may be, Pam is a bewitching little personality, whose charm is unusually well shown in Mr. Justice's frontispiece portrait.

The author disarms her critics by a subtle preface in which she refuses to stand sponsor for the lives or morals of her characters. They are wicked and they flourish like the green bay-tree. But *she* is not their guiding star. She is merely the chronicler of their deeds. Incidentally, she calls upon the critics to "gibbet her literary infirmities" and "weep over her literary dulness" if they must. Literary infirmities and dulness! Is this mock humility? The novel is artistic to the last degree, and absorbing as a play by Shaw.

The theme is the union without benefit of clergy of an already wed English tenor and the daughter of an English lord. Pam is their child, reared in complete knowledge of her mother's relation to her father. It is not perhaps unpsychological that the child of such a marriage should be amazingly grown up at a very early age. She soon realizes that she is entirely unnecessary to her parents, absorbed as they are in their mutual love. The completeness of their happiness recalls inevitably Tolstoy's great work, "*Anna Karénina*," in which the relation of the lovers is destroyed through Anna's too great mentality. This part of the present story is a fitting pendant to the Russian novelist's, and it suggests also George Eliot, whose happiness was marred by her intellectual appreciation of her position. But in the case of Guy Sacheverel and Pauline Yeoland, no such limitation appeared. He was an artist in temperament, she, absorbed by her

love for him, with no thought of the world and its malicious tongue.

The scene changes from the Villa Arcadia on the Mediterranean to England, where Pam goes to live with her grandfather, Lord Yeoland, a merry, cynical old devil with a keen sense of humor, and, withal, a sympathetic nature which made him a good sort of relative to have.

Pam's philosophy, her ideas of matrimony, her conversations with her pet monkey and her faithful maid, Pilgrim, and her love affairs, must be read to be appreciated. Her final decision in the last chapter is a strictly logical and thoroughly artistic bit of literary craftsmanship.

CAROLYN SHIPMAN.

In this striking novel* Mr. Hichens immeasurably surpasses all his previous work. It is a large subject, handled with entire competence. And it leaves the reader with that exhilaration that is brought by the contemplation of any artistic triumph. The Garden of Allah is the African desert, and the tragedy for which it is the setting is that of a young Englishwoman of a most un-English type, and a Trappist monk who has broken his vows. These two meet, love, and marry without the woman's becoming aware of the man's secret. When she does learn it, she is so strong in character and so consistent in her religion that she forces Androvsky to return to his monastery, resumes her own name, and later on elects to live with her baby in the little Algerian town where most of the action takes place. Not often does a novelist succeed in creating a heroine as vital and as admirable as Domini Enfilden. A strong, wholesome, clear-sighted woman, her love for Androvsky and her magnificent renunciation of him are both intelligible. There is not a graceful romantic shibboleth, not a pretty conventional tableau in the book. There are but a handful of characters but each is amazingly real. Androvsky alone, excellently as he is pictured, is slightly suggestive of that fondness for the lurid and abnormal which so disfigured Mr. Hichens's earlier novels.

But when it has been pointed out that this book is a wonderfully handled tragedy, advancing with masterly logic from premise to conclusion, only half has been said. The manner, in this case, is perhaps as remarkable

* "Pam." By BETTINA VON HUTTEN. Illustrated by B. MARTIN JUSTICE. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

* "The Garden of Allah." By ROBERT HICHENS. Stokes. \$1.50.

as the substance. It is highly impressionistic, in a minutely detailed fashion, yet the impressions are so vivid, the significance of each so unmistakable, the epithets so adroit, that the method does not become tiresome. Very rarely in an English book is there to be

found such an exhibition of descriptive skill. "The Garden of Allah" does not belong to a school or to a literary fashion; it is a unique achievement and one that deserves to be remembered beyond its moment.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

The Book-Buyer's Guide

ART

Moore—Albert Dürer. By T. Sturge Moore. Scribner. \$2.00 net.

This apt appreciation of a great artist in relation to general ideas is not the result of new research, nor the abstract resuming of historical and critical discoveries. Mr. Moore has given a moderately long account of the events of Dürer's life coupled with an enumeration and just criticism of his works. The book is not intended to be exhaustive, or to reach the student of Dürer's art in detail, but for the average reader, wishing to learn of the characteristics of the master, there could be no more valuable volume. The half-tones and photogravures of Dürer's work are admirable, the subjects being intelligently chosen as those best adapted to the means of reproduction and the size of the page.

Singer—The Drawings of Albrecht Dürer. By Professor Hans W. Singer. Scribner. \$2.50.

This volume contains forty-six unusually satisfactory half-tone reproductions of drawings by Albrecht Dürer, prefaced by a clear and well-composed introduction by Professor Hans W. Singer. He explains how the desire for perfect completeness finally downed what was best in Dürer's artistic feeling, and sums up the main features of the plates to follow with concreteness and just insight. The volume is uniform with one on Sir E. Burne-Jones and one on Hans Holbein.

Story—Paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Illustrated Catalogue, with a Preface by George H. Story, Curator of the Department of Paintings.

This valuable handbook embraces all the pictures that are contained in the galleries, staircases, and the Grand Hall, except the Vanderbilt Loan. The biographical matter was obtained through an extensive and exhaustive correspondence with all the living, and with the relatives, intimate friends, and pupils of the deceased, artists who are represented in the Museum; and also from the most recent and authoritative encyclopedias, biographies, and continental museum catalogues. The illustrations are admirable half-tones of some of the more important pictures in the collection. The work of making this catalogue has been carefully done, and the biographical matter is fuller than is usual in catalogues of this sort.

BELLES-LETTRES

Davis—Bits of Gossip. By Rebecca Harding Davis. Houghton. \$1.25 net.

A too modest title for the book, but the name of the author will at once suggest that fact. Of the eight chapters, those on "Boston in the Sixties," with its personal reminiscences of Hawthorne, the Alcotts, Emerson, and others—and that on "The Civil War," of which, as she lived on the border of West Virginia, during three years of it, she saw a good deal on both sides, are perhaps the most noteworthy, but the entire book is of exceptional interest.

Martin—The Luxury of Children, and Some other Luxuries. By E. S. Martin. Harper. \$1.75 net.

This delightful book ought to be popular, but may fail to be because it tells some home truths, and strenuously preaches the President's idea that Americans should undertake the population of their own country, instead of regarding it as a mere luxury producer. The tinted illustrations are by Sarah S. Stillwell.

Nicholls—A Dreamer in Paris. By William Jasper Nicholls. Jacobs. \$1.00 net.

In an amiable, chatty way this dreamer tells us nothing new of Paris, nor are his opinions of French men of literature sufficiently original to make them of much interest. The illustrations are in keeping with the text.

Whibley—Literary Portraits. By Charles Whibley. Dutton. \$2.50.

The book of a student, rather than that of an essayist. There is perhaps little art in the various portraits, and there is certainly no pretence at originality; but there is sympathetic understanding, and thorough and conscientious labor. The subjects are sufficiently enticing: Rabelais, Philippe de Comines, Philemon Holland, Montaigne, Drummond of Hawthornden, Robert Burton, and Jacques Casanova. Upon each of these characters Mr. Whibley has dwelt with affectionate detail, yet with a desire to tell the truth and avoid legend that is rare enough to give to several of the studies a positive air of freshness and novelty. But with his zeal for accuracy, it is not clear why, in the case of Rabelais and Montaigne, Mr. Whibley should write with the contemporary English translation before him, the Elizabethan spelling and phraseology giving a

The Critic

quite unnecessary effect of quaintness, and having nothing to do with the manner of the French classics. Nevertheless, Mr. Whibley is a sincere student and his book ought to be of permanent value.

Warner—The Writings of Charles Dudley Warner. Backlog Edition. Edited by Thomas R. Lounsbury. First 4 vols. American Publishing Co. \$8.00.

One of the most charming of American humorists is receiving at last the practical recognition his talents so richly deserved; and henceforth his works will be accessible in the dignified form of a library edition, in fifteen volumes. Authors less worthy of such a dress have received it in their lifetime; but perhaps it is more of a compliment when the recognition comes after death. It means at least that one's fame has survived the trying ordeal of his cessation from the labors that kept him in the public eye; and in the present case, it means a survival of the still more trying test involved in the lapse of several years since the author himself passed out of sight. There are so many exponents of American humor whose aim is merely to provoke laughter, by whatever extravagant means, that one cannot honor too highly the exemplars of that quiet form of it that seems to come unbidden, and mainly as a by-product of serious thought. Mr. Warner's humor was of this mellow sort, and it has lost little or nothing of its freshness or savor during the generation that has passed since his first and most famous sketches were written. Elizabeth of the German Garden, to whom an American admirer sent a copy of "My Summer in a Garden," found it a book after her own heart—one of the delightful sort that provides, as she expressed it, "entertainment without instruction." In his later writings, instruction was often combined with entertainment, for the genial author of fireside studies, garden musings, and saunterings at home and abroad was a humanist as well as a humorist, and sought to make the world a happier by making it a better place than it was when he was born. Of the fifteen volumes to which the present reprint will extend, four have now appeared, the first containing "My Summer in a Garden," "Backlog Studies," and "Baddeck," the second "Saunterings," the third "My Winter on the Nile," and the fourth "In the Levant." The only new material is a prefatory letter to the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, his fellow-traveller to Baddeck, which his friends persuaded the author to omit in favor of the more formal dedication that appears in earlier editions of "Baddeck and That Sort of Thing." Professor Lounsbury confines his introductory notes to the bibliography of his subject. Let us hope that when the series of volumes is complete the last, if not an earlier one, will be found to contain an appreciation from his accomplished and sympathetic pen of the distinguished humorist, novelist, editor, and publicist to whom this worthy monument is erected. The colophon of the Riverside Press is voucher enough for the handsome form the memorial has taken.

BIOGRAPHY

Gleig—Personal Reminiscences of the First Duke of Wellington. By the late George Robert Gleig, M.A. Edited by his daughter, Mary E. Gleig. Scribner. \$3.75.

These reminiscences, written by one whom the Duke admitted to intimacy, and with his sanction, present a clear picture of the great soldier apart from his military fame. Though evidently a great admirer, Mr. Gleig is not a prejudiced one, and the Duke's peculiarities and least pleasant qualities are treated as judicially as his finer traits. There are many delightful glimpses of the important people associated with the Duke, with a total absence of ill-natured gossip or scandal. The writing of this book was undertaken when the author was in his ninetieth year, he having long been urged to do it by Lord Wolseley and others.

Hale—Memories of a Hundred Years. By Edward Everett Hale. Revised Edition, with Three Additional Chapters. Two vols. in one. Macmillan. \$2.50 net.

At the suggestion of many correspondents, Dr. Hale has sought to remedy what they deemed the only defect in his "Memories,"—to wit, the omission of himself from text and index. So far as the index is concerned, he has not succeeded; but in three new chapters, entitled respectively "Eighty Years," "The History of Magazines," and "Now and Then," he introduces much autobiographical material and sundry portraits of himself and the other men of whom he writes; and he gossips as entertainingly in the later as in the earlier pages of his book, which as reprinted fills but a single volume.

Waliszewski—Ivan the Terrible. By K. Waliszewski. Lippincott. \$3.50.

This is more the sombre history of the terrible Czar and his reign, and less personal and quaint than the same author's "Peter the Great" and "Catherine II." It loses nothing in interest thereby to those who want history rather than scandal; and the history of Russia at her first dawning is particularly welcome, now that she is on the verge of a great upheaval. The first four chapters are devoted to a study of the political and social aspects of the country and people, their intellectual life and customs, and they throw much light on the history that follows.

As the Czar who began what Peter the Great and Catherine II. continued in Russia, the life of Ivan IV. is a necessary complement to the histories of those two great monarchs.

Wilkins—The Romance of Isabel, Lady Burton. By W. H. Wilkins. Dodd, Mead. \$3.50 net.

Partly autobiographical, and mostly written by Mr. Wilkins from letters and papers left by Lady Burton, this record of a most devoted woman is full to overflowing with romantic adventure in many lands. Lady Burton was hardly less remarkable than her extraordinary husband, and no one who reads this story of

her life can fail to admire her sterling qualities and rejoice that she has found a biographer who has so ably vindicated her and confounded her rather spiteful detractors.

FICTION

Atherton—The Bell in the Fog. By Gertrude Atherton. Harper. \$1.00.

The crude force and originality that have attracted attention in Mrs. Atherton's numerous novels are not so happily displayed in the short story. In this volume there are ten short stories, almost every one containing some good raw material which the author seems not to have had the art to develop. Without a sense of form, which, with all her ability, Mrs. Atherton conspicuously lacks, it is perhaps as easy to write good short stories as for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. The method is careless, there is no delicacy of touch, and the dialogue in almost all the stories is preposterous. Mrs. Atherton has therefore herself defeated the effects which ought to have been produced with such unusual subjects as those she has chosen. The book is dedicated to "the master, Henry James," and the title story, a glaringly unsuccessful venture in Mr. James's own field, has a hero strongly suggesting Mr. James himself.

Benson—An Act in a Backwater. By E. F. Benson. Appleton. \$1.50.

A flat little story without construction or sustained interest. The author has half-heartedly introduced several characters that promise well, but fulfil nothing. It is not easy to acquire an interest in a story whose writer obviously had none; the chief difficulty, indeed, with this being that Mr. Benson seems to have been overcome with mental inertia after the first few pages. He writes with his accustomed fluency, but has avoided the effort of feeling or seeing his story as a whole.

Bonner—The Pioneer. By Geraldine Bonner. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.50.

A story of California and Nevada in the early seventies, based on the great vacillations of fortune characteristic of that period. It is an unpleasant and rather sensational narrative. But the scenes and types of the period described have an authentic air and are of a certain value.

Carryl—Far From the Maddening Girls. By Guy Wetmore Carryl. McClure, Phillips. \$1.50.

The confessions of a bachelor by conviction who builds himself a country home to escape those attentions that pursue the eligible, and who of course finds there the young woman whom he marries, or who, more strictly speaking, marries him. The little book is freshly and wittily written, if perhaps overloaded with puns and plays upon words. The amusing illustrations by Peter Newell happen, in this case, to conform to the text.

Connor—The Prospector. By Ralph Connor. Revell. \$1.50.

With much of the quality of "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot," this novel does not rank as high as either of the other books. The vein is worked a little too hard, and the results forced. The "Prospector" is, of course, a missionary to the lawless Canadian Far West, and while he suffers some hard knocks, his success seems too rapid to be real. When he is west of the Great Lakes Mr. Connor writes with authority, but his pictures of Toronto society do not carry conviction.

Crawford—Whosoever Shall Offend. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan. \$1.50.

There is a craving for sensational literature among a class who yet are too cultivated to slake their thirst at the dime-novel fountain. "Whosoever Shall Offend" will assuage this thirst effectually, for it is a well-written, highly interesting melodrama, with the Italian setting that Mr. Crawford is an expert in painting. There is a villain of the blackest dye who commits several sorts of murder, and in the end reaps his just reward. The characters are all good types, the plot is strong, and the Italian atmosphere tempers the sensational occurrences to the colder northern imagination.

Dougall—The Summit House Mystery. By L. Dougall. Funk & Wagnalls. \$1.50.

Miss Dougall, author of "Zeitgeist," "Beggars All," and other books that have won popularity in England, has crossed the sea for the setting of her latest story, the scene of which is laid in the mountains of northern Georgia. The story itself is an interesting experiment in fiction writing, being an attempt—and a successful one—to adorn with the delicate graces of the literary art a theme of a sort usually associated with the names of writers whose products are literature only in the broadest sense of the term. One gets a very vivid impression of the grandeur and beauty of the atmospheric effects peculiar to the higher regions of the South, and of the flora, wild or cultivated, among which the homes of the mountaineers are set. As to the cleverly constructed plot, it deals mainly with a murder committed in New York years before the story opens. Doubtless Poe would have guessed its solution from the start, but it is pretty certain to puzzle the brains of readers less astute. One class of fiction-lovers will read it for the "mystery," while another will care more for its delicate and subtle observation of nature and character, and the admirable English the author commands. The best phrase to describe the novel has already been used—"a detective story into which a soul has been infused."

Dunbar—The Heart of Happy Hollow. By Paul Laurence Dunbar. Dodd, Mead. \$1.50.

"Wherever Negroes colonize," explains the author, is "Happy Hollow." The stories that make up this book are of present-day

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Negro colonies, and of the characters that dominate them. Mr. Dunbar ought to know his subject, and the book has every evidence of authenticity and truth. The touch is so light and both the humor and the pathos so simple and direct that the stories ought to appeal very generally.

Eastman—Red Hunters and the Animal People. By Charles A. Eastman. Harper. \$1.50.

Dr. Eastman, who is himself an Indian, can doubtless speak with authority about the forest animals and the Indians' manner of hunting them. But we are already so generously supplied with this kind of literature that to claim our attention a new book of the same order must particularly excel; and Dr. Eastman is not equipped to compete with the experts who now occupy the field. With no literary art whatever at his command, he has mistakenly chosen to cast his material in the form of short stories, and has failed with them. If he had presented his facts as such, he would have had more chance of a direct appeal to that portion of the public whose passing interest this subject has engaged.

Eggleston—A Captain in the Ranks. By George Cary Eggleston. Barnes. \$1.50.

A few days after the close of the Civil War, the highly unreal young Confederate captain, whose exploits form the substance of this book, remarks to himself, in well-rounded rhetorical sentences: "I have put the war and all its issues completely behind me."

I am no longer a Confederate soldier. I am an American citizen. I shall endeavor to do my duty as such." It therefore seems only fitting that Captain Duncan should promptly become a bank president, a "captain of industry," and a leader of men. The story is of the old-fashioned kind, with a thoroughgoing "hero" and "heroine," and not a problem or a subtlety from cover to cover.

Gissing—Veranilda. By George Gissing. Dutton. \$1.50.

More than a literary interest is aroused by the posthumous publication of an unfinished work by so conspicuously able a writer as George Gissing. But the most indulgent and sympathetic critic will perhaps be able to find no other estimate of "Veranilda" than that it is a falling behind Mr. Gissing's other work, a mistaken undertaking altogether. In his studies of contemporary English life Gissing showed great strength, penetration, sympathy, humor. Curiously, none of these qualities is discoverable in "Veranilda," and for the reason, undoubtedly, that the motive was wrong. In his most ambitious book he was urged, most unfortunately, by the historian's, not the novelist's impulse, and the result fairly reeks of the library and the notebook. However faithful it may be, therefore, to sixth-century Rome, it is not vital, which is a far more important thing. The Gothic heroine is a mere conventional suggestion,

not a definitely realized character. Throughout the style is stilted, the conversations absurd, the action tiresomely slow, and the story destitute of a single throb of real humanity. Fortunately, Mr. Gissing will be remembered by his earlier substantial, even brilliant, achievements.

Jackson—Helen of Troy, N. Y. By Wilfrid S. Jackson. Lane. \$1.50.

Mr. Jackson has almost a genius for farce, as he has already shown in his "Nine Points of the Law." The present book is ampler, though perhaps no more entertaining. There is an ingenious and complicated little plot, an American heroine, a group of adventurous young Englishmen, and a duel. The most serious-minded reader might permit himself to find relaxation in this book, for it is "light" without being silly. Mr. Jackson has deft wit and an unforced originality.

Mathews—Billy Duane. By Frances Aymar Mathews. Dodd, Mead. \$1.50.

A novel of New York life, with the flashes of inspiration characteristic of this writer. The book is written on a more pretentious scale than its author's ability in character-drawing seems to warrant.

Macgrath—The Man on the Box. By Harold Macgrath. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.50.

In a general way, this is a story of Washington life; and, in particular, it is the story of an adventure that is quite unlikely to have occurred in Washington or anywhere else. However, readers who enjoy filling idle hours with extravagant and unreal "romances" may find this to their liking. It is brisk and readable.

O'Higgins—The Smoke-Eaters. By Harvey J. O'Higgins. Century. \$1.50.

The firemen of New York are the heroes of this excellent group of stories, some of which have already attracted attention in magazines. They are stories of fact, the author explains, done into the form of fiction, having therefore a double interest. They are told with extraordinary simplicity, with no glow of rhetoric or splash of color, but they carry complete conviction. Mr. O'Higgins's heroes make jokes at the very moment that death seems inevitable, and their bravery is instinctive and uncalculated. Therefore the "thrills" that the book affords are genuine.

Stewart—The Fugitive Blacksmith. By Charles D. Stewart. Century. \$1.50.

In construction "The Fugitive Blacksmith" is a series of narrative stanzas with a constantly recurring chorus. Occasionally it is a question as to which has the upper hand, the song or the chorus, but in the end the song comes out ahead. The chorus begins in the person of Michael Finerty, foreman of coal chutes in Memphis, who has, being an Irishman, a keen sense of humor, a wife with a philosophy of life, and a daughter, Agnes, who chews gum and is "going to college." Mrs. Finerty's point of view may be indicated in many gems of expression. The story is

told to Finerty by Stumpy, the one-legged friend of the Fugitive Blacksmith, in the sand-house, which was a refuge for tramps, much to Mrs. Finerty's disgust. Stumpy and Bill, the latter accused of murder, travelled from Arkansas to Texas during the strike of 1886, stealing rides on empty cars and avoiding publicity as much as possible. The story of their adventures and of Bill's little romance is a good one and it moves along at a fair rate of speed, in spite of the constant interruptions caused by Finerty's attention to incoming engines. The best parts of the book are Finerty's account of his experience at farming and the little incident of the general and the mule. These are genuinely funny. They might well form part of the repertory of a successful monologist. Mrs. Finerty's explanation of "ivvolution" and "the survival of the fittest" is also comical, topped off as it is by her husband's comments.

The unusual and amusing situations, such as the pig with its head in a tin can, running "hellity-larrup" down the road, and Bill's mending of Mrs. Thorne's music-box with a bicycle pump and some gasoline, cause constant wonderment in the reader's mind as to what is coming next. A more diverting story has not appeared in many a long day.

Tarkington—In the Arena. By Booth Tarkington. McClure, Phillips. \$1.50.

These are genuinely good short stories. The under side of politics, and the tragedies it develops, are the theme, but the stories are far from becoming expositions or arguments. Mr. Tarkington knows politics at first hand, and his attitude is one of clear-sightedness and candor; but above this, he is an artist, and these stories, short, concise, yet abounding in tenderness and humor, are as such only an artist could write. Doubtless, unpretentious as they are, they are among Mr. Tarkington's best work.

Valentine—Hecla Sandwith. By Edward Uffington Valentine. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.50.

If one were to characterize Mr. Valentine's first novel in color, the scheme would be gray shot with red. The lives of the little colony in the iron district of central Pennsylvania, where the scene of "Hecla Sandwith" is laid, are superficially colorless because of the inherited traditions of Quakerism and Calvinism, which bind the soul in heavy fetters of renunciation and self-sacrifice. The natural, God-given instincts of these converts are the red, human touches in this novel of self-immolation for duty.

There is too much narrative here, but the exigencies of business often require an author to subdue his artistic conceptions of the proper length of a novel. The descriptions of nature are poetic, the minor characters are particularly well drawn, and many of the pictures linger in the memory. The vision of Hecla driving to church with her father in the family coach, wearing a ruffled silk gown of dark blue, a white-plumed Leghorn bonnet, and on her shoulders a narrow white shawl, "worn nicely," as *Godey's Lady's Book*

strictly enjoined" calls to mind one of Mr. E. L. Henry's quaint paintings of life in the late '50's.

HISTORY AND TRAVEL.

Bacon—Narragansett Bay: its Historic and Romantic Associations and Picturesque Surroundings. By Edgar M. Bacon. Putnam. \$3.50 net.

This elegantly printed and admirably illustrated volume is a worthy successor to the author's attractive work in similar style on the Hudson River; but Narragansett Bay, if not so rich and varied in scenery as the Hudson, is even more remarkable for the history and romance connected with it from the time of the early "sea rovers," the followers of Drake and Hawkins, through the Roger Williams period and the privateering of the Revolution—almost the birth of our national navy—to our own day; including also much matter concerning noted families in Newport and elsewhere.

Columbia—A History of Columbia University: 1754-1904. Columbia University Press (Macmillan Co., Agents).

This history of Columbia University is an amplification of Professor J. H. Van Amringe's contribution to "American Universities and Their Sons," published in 1898, supplemented by special papers on the schools and colleges whose incorporation with Columbia College caused the latter to become a university. It was prepared in commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the founding of King's College in 1754, the present name having been substituted for the old after the Revolution. The long and honorable record of the college cannot be summarized here, for it is not too fully told in the near five hundred pages of this memorial volume. While the general reader might be staggered by the length of the story, no alumnus would wish it briefer by a page; and it is for the alumni that such a book is written. If no other name of note than Alexander Hamilton's were identified with Columbia, his alone would suffice to make it famous; but his was only one on a long and brilliant scroll. The university starts off on the second half of its second century under a young and able captain, and should have a long and prosperous voyage.

Hewlett—The Road in Tuscany. A Commentary. By Maurice Hewlett. Macmillan, 2 vols. \$6.00 net.

Let no one suppose that this is a guide-book, or historical and artistic chit-chat. We do not know just how the author travelled, but we do feel that he was neither whizzed through Tuscany in a train, nor blown through in an automobile, for he writes as one who saw the people and their places, great and small, and knows and loves them. But of pictures, statues, and churches from the tourist point of view, there are none, and not much of history, but plenty of the warmth and life and picturesqueness of Italy, as she is outside of her museums and cathedrals. For those who know Italy, as for those who hope to, this book will be a delightful companion, glowing

with the atmosphere of the country, and profusely illustrated.

Mr. Hewlett's style is too well known to need comment, and his work has already shown him to be an authority on things Tuscan.

Murray-Nevinson-Carmichael—Sketches on the Old Road through France to Florence.
By A. H. Hallam-Murray, accompanied by Henry W. Nevinson, and Montgomery Carmichael. Dutton. \$5.00.

This "old road," passing as it does through Normandy, Touraine, and Languedoc to Etruria and Tuscany, simply teems with historical and romantic interest, and cannot fail to be a fascinating subject. Though Mr. Nevinson rather exploits his wide range as a traveller, he is thoroughly in sympathy with all that "France" means to those who love and admire her, and is something more than a mere guide to the churches and orchards of Normandy, the châteaux of Touraine, and the troubadours and vineyards of Languedoc and Provence. With the usual artistic or journalistic diatribes against the Riviera, as fashion has transformed it, and a keen appreciation of its extraordinary beauty, according to nature, he leaves us the frontier, and at San Remo, Mr. Carmichael takes up the tale, with as much feeling for Italy as his collaborator has for France, but with more of the dry bones of history than is absolutely necessary. The road and the people and less-known towns are what count more in such a book, and some of the places to which most space is given (perhaps naturally) are already familiar, by reason of many guide books and travellers. The illustrations by A. H. Hallam-Murray are full of the romance and charm of the places he has pictured.

Sharp—Literary Geography. By William Sharp. Scribner. \$3.50 net.

Reprinted from "The Pall Mall Magazine," these papers tell of the country appearing in the works of George Meredith, Stevenson, Dickens, Scott, George Eliot, Thackeray, Carlyle, and the Brontës. The Thames, the English Lakes, and the Lake of Geneva, in their literary associations, are also described, and there are many pleasing glimpses of the writers who lived in, or wrote of, these places, as well as extracts from their works. As most of them chose particularly charming country as residence for themselves or their characters, some of the loveliest bits of English scenery are described and pictured in the numerous illustrations.

Wendell and Greenough—A History of Literature in America. By Barrett Wendell and Chester N. Greenough. Scribner. \$1.40.

When it was announced that an abridgment of Prof. Wendell's "Literary History of America" was to be prepared for school use we had serious doubts whether it would prove to be well suited for the purpose; but the present book, in which the author has had the help of a Harvard instructor in English, is, on the whole, an agreeable surprise, being

far more satisfactory than we could have expected. The condensation has been judiciously done, controversial and other superfluous matter being deleted, while all that was valuable for educational needs has been retained. The critical comments will not in all cases be fully endorsed by some—perhaps many—teachers, but they will furnish good material for class discussion, and, on the whole, will be more likely to be accepted with due qualification than to be entirely rejected. We think that the better class of teachers—unfortunately, perhaps, not the larger class in this line of study—will enjoy using the book.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dale—Wanted—A Cook. By Alan Dale. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.50.

An airy variation of a very well-worn theme. There are very few aspects, if any, of house-keeping and servant-engaging difficulties that have not already been threshed out endlessly, and these chapters are stalely reminiscent of the padded columns of a Sunday newspaper. An entire book on this subject seems at this date unpardonable.

Hanchett—The Art of the Musician. By Henry G. Hanchett. Macmillan. \$1.50.

The book is misnamed, for what Mr. Hanchett really expounds is the science of music, which, as he repeatedly and explicitly points out, is a very different thing from those arts of playing and singing, about which most musical books are written. Undoubtedly there is need of books of this kind, but it is to be feared that this one will not accomplish its excellent object, because of the author's diffuseness and lack of lucidity. It is intended, however, as a popular handbook, and is not addressed to the true student of music.

Lang—Historical Mysteries. By Andrew Lang. Longmans. \$2.50 net.

Some of the mysteries included in this volume, by reason of incessant exploitation and the publicity attendant, have ceased to be mysterious, but they do not cease to be interesting when an Andrew Lang writes about them. Besides the well-worn "Cardinal's Necklace," and "Kaspar Hauser," several less-known mysteries are included, some tragic, some amusing, and all very well worth reading, the British Museum and the Record Office having been searched for authentic details wherewith to leaven the mass of legend that the ages collect around any half-known truth.

Powell—The Country Home. By E. P. Powell. McClure, Phillips. \$1.50.

To sit in a steam-heated flat, with the music of the trolley on one side and the elevated on the other, reading this book, is to wonder why any one is left in a town to tell the tale. It is well to read it in winter, for at any other season one would be tempted to go and "do likewise" instantly. To amateur farmers it offers a good many hints, and is a book to pack up among the "things to be taken" when the summer flitting time comes.

(For list of Books Received see third page following)

